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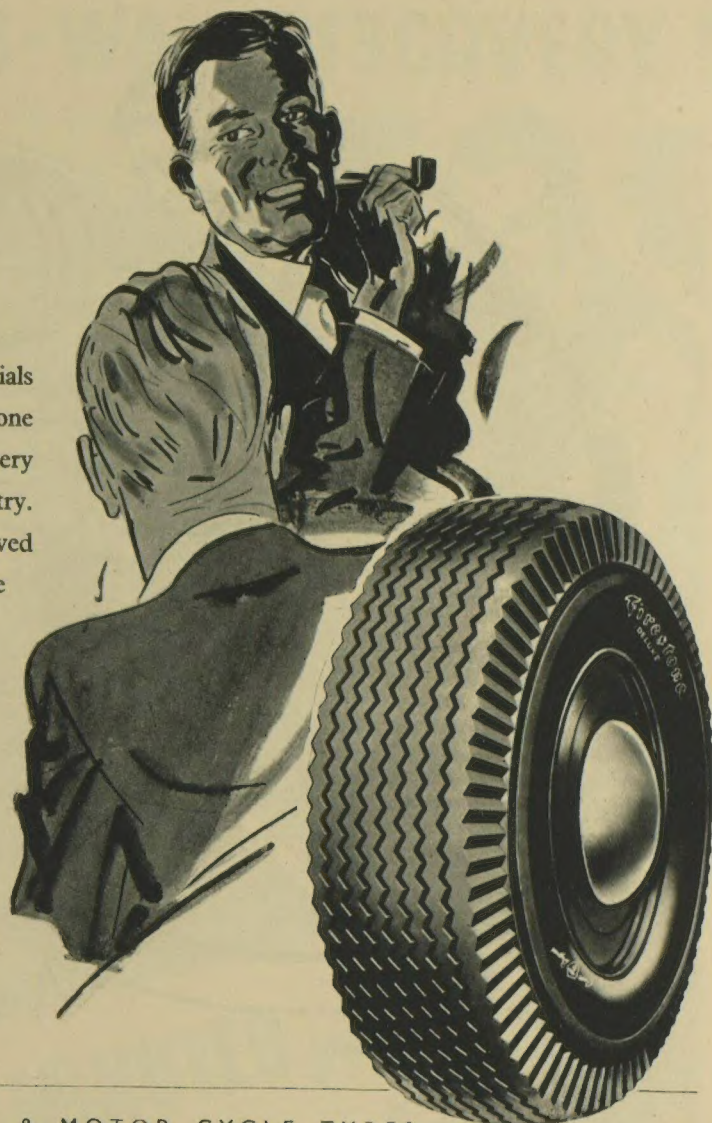
"I always thought there wasn't much difference between tyres."

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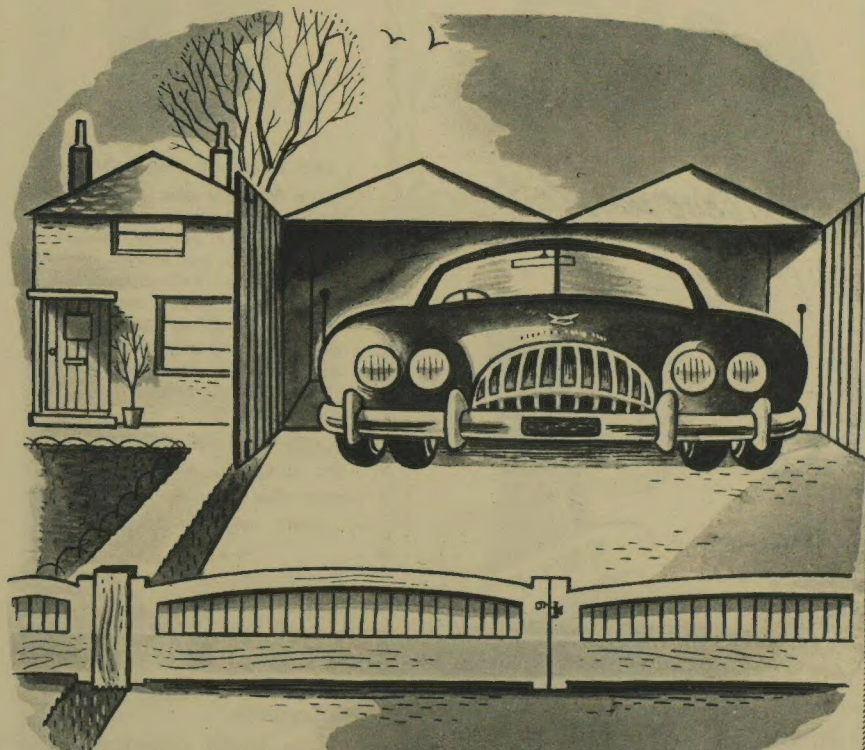
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Motor how you will...



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"No, all complete, I think. Got the picnic things. And I've checked water and oil and tyres..."

Did the garage check the brakes?

"Brakes? Oh, they're all right. Never give any trouble."

Are you *sure* they're all right? It's difficult to judge. As the linings wear so gradually, a driver may notice nothing—he doesn't realize he's pushing the pedal harder. The time might come *today* when you have to stop in a hurry—and can't.

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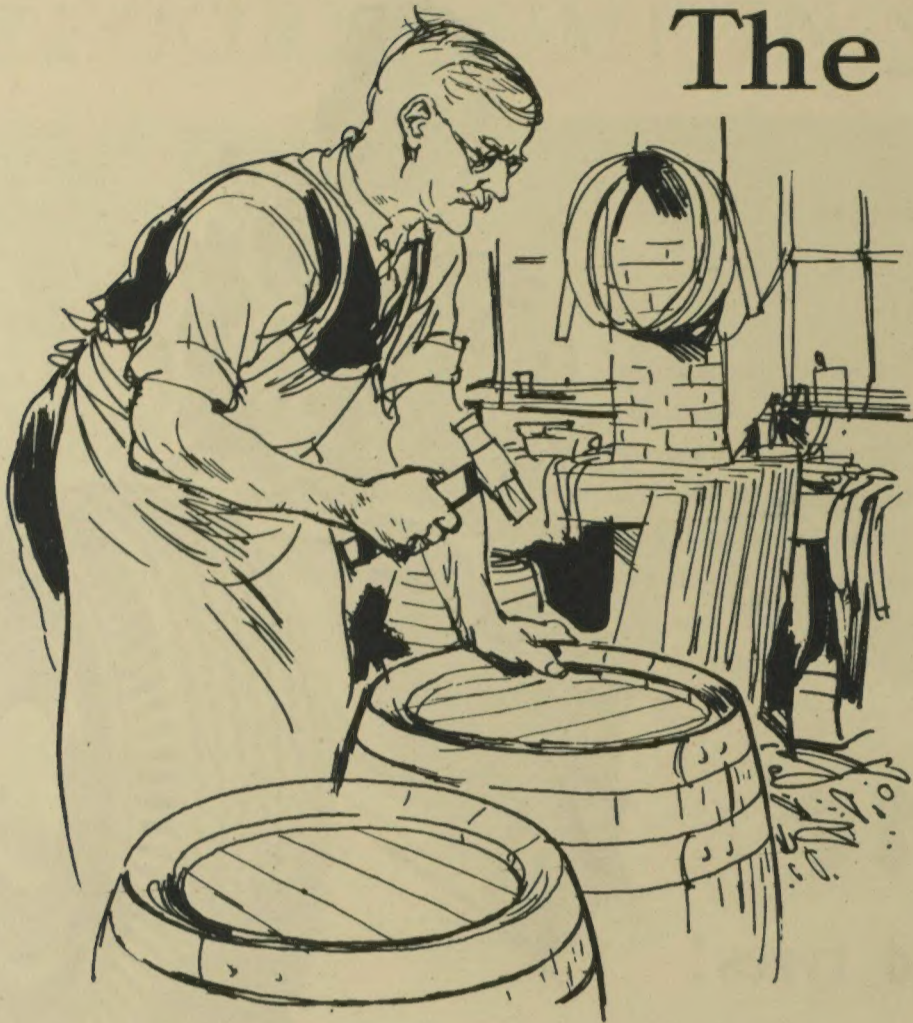
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— the best people do!

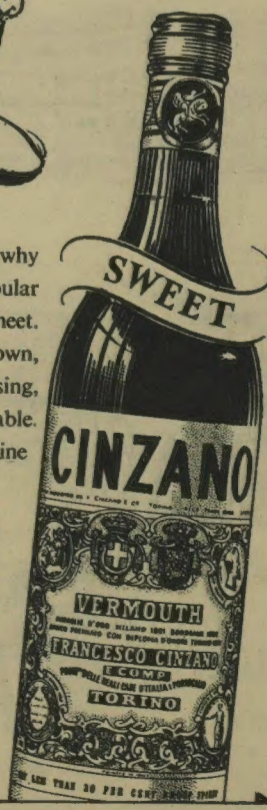


The very first sip will tell you why Cinzano is so overwhelmingly popular wherever discerning people meet. With gin, with soda or on its own, Cinzano sweet or dry is appetising, refreshing and so very enjoyable. Obtainable at all good wine merchants, stores and bars.

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Today in this centenary year, the hospital, which is neither controlled nor supported by the State, urgently needs funds.

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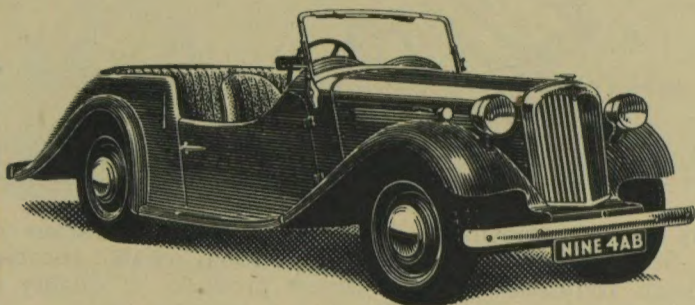
The Appeal Secretary.

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POSITIVELY NO RUBBING!**

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Now, with Johnson's Car-Plate, you can give your car a genuine wax finish, the brightest shine, the most lasting protection—in 20 minutes! Just spread Car-Plate on a clean car, let dry—then wipe lightly. That's all! No rubbing with Car-Plate—so quick and easy a child can do it!

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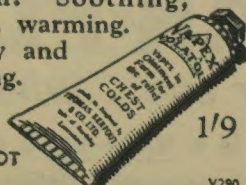
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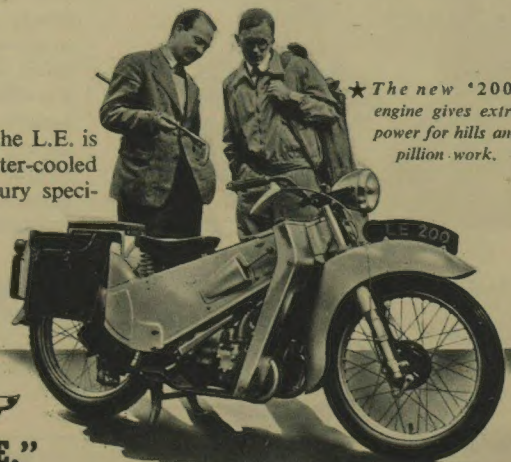
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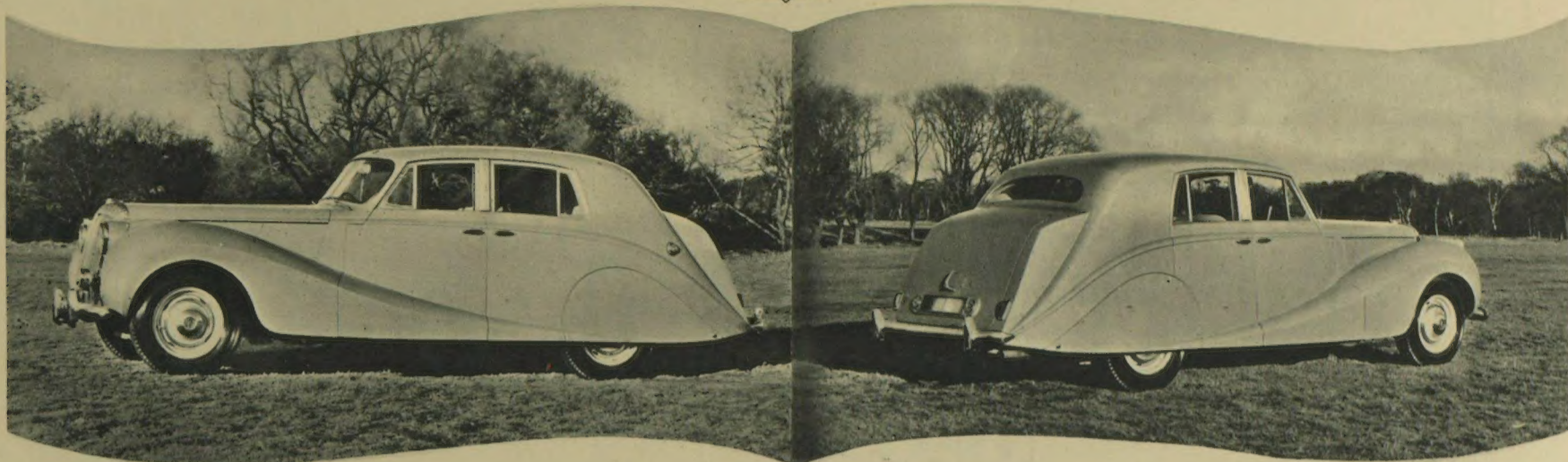
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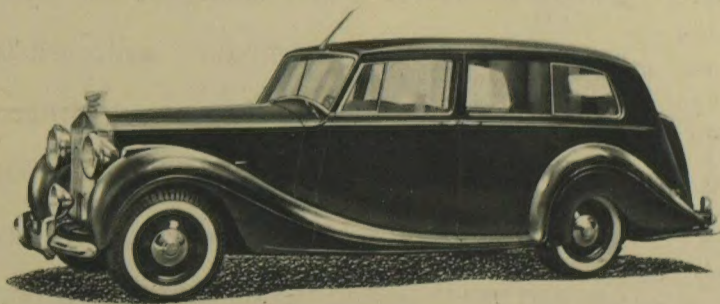
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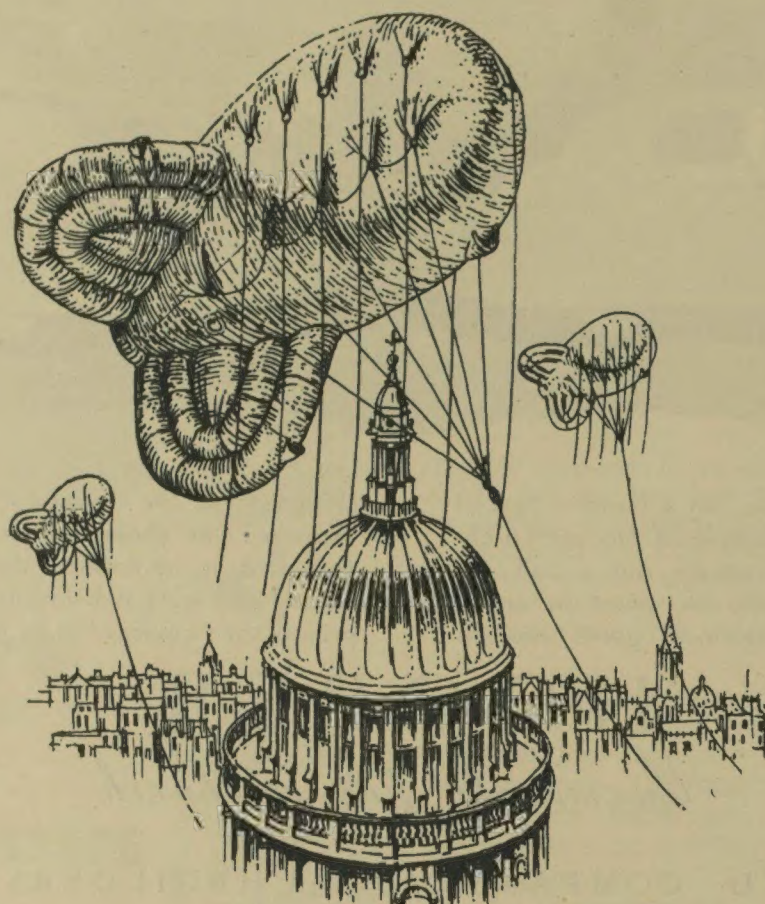
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HYDROGEN

S*CHOOLBOYS* know that two parts of hydrogen unite explosively with one of oxygen to form water. Hydrogen is produced commercially in vast quantities by reversing this process. Water, in the form of steam, is split up into its constituent elements by passing it over red hot coke. The carbon in the coke unites with the oxygen in the steam to form carbon monoxide and dioxide. When these are removed from the mixture, hydrogen is left. Lightest of all the elements, hydrogen occurs free in nature in volcanic gases, but exists in the atmosphere to the extent of only one part in a thousand. Combined with carbon it is present in nearly all animal and vegetable tissues. The high proportion of hydrogen in ordinary coal gas is due to its release from the organic matter

from which coal is formed. Industry uses hydrogen for many purposes. Some of the vegetable oils used in the manufacture of margarine require hardening by chemical combination with hydrogen. This is done before they are incorporated in the final blend of fats of which margarine is made. Hydrogen is used in welding and in extraction of metals.

Thousands of tons are needed every month by I.C.I. for making synthetic fertilizers. It is used in the production of petrol from creosote oil and coal, for making industrial alcohols and as a constituent of urea, one of the most

important raw materials in plastics manufacture. All these, as well as hydrogen itself, are produced at the Billingham works of I.C.I.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1951.



BRITAIN'S NEW FOREIGN MINISTER IN A TIME OF GRAVE INTERNATIONAL TENSION: THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT MORRISON, WHO HAS BEEN LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS SINCE 1945.

On March 9—Mr. Bevin's seventieth birthday—it was announced from Downing Street that Mr. Ernest Bevin was laying down the heavy duties of Foreign Secretary, but would continue to be a senior member of the Cabinet and, in the office of Lord Privy Seal would be able to give the Government the benefit of his services and his long experience. The recent heavy strains on Mr. Bevin's health have made this announcement not unexpected. His successor as Foreign Secretary is Mr. Herbert Morrison, the master tactician, and one of the

ablest debaters of the Socialist Party, who has been continuously in office (except for the brief "Caretaker Government" before the 1945 General Election) since 1940, and since 1945 he has been Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons. He is being succeeded as Lord President of the Council by Viscount Addison, who will also continue to be Leader of the House of Lords; and Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, will assume in addition Mr. Morrison's duties as Leader of the House of Commons.

Camera Study by Elliott and Fry, Ltd.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

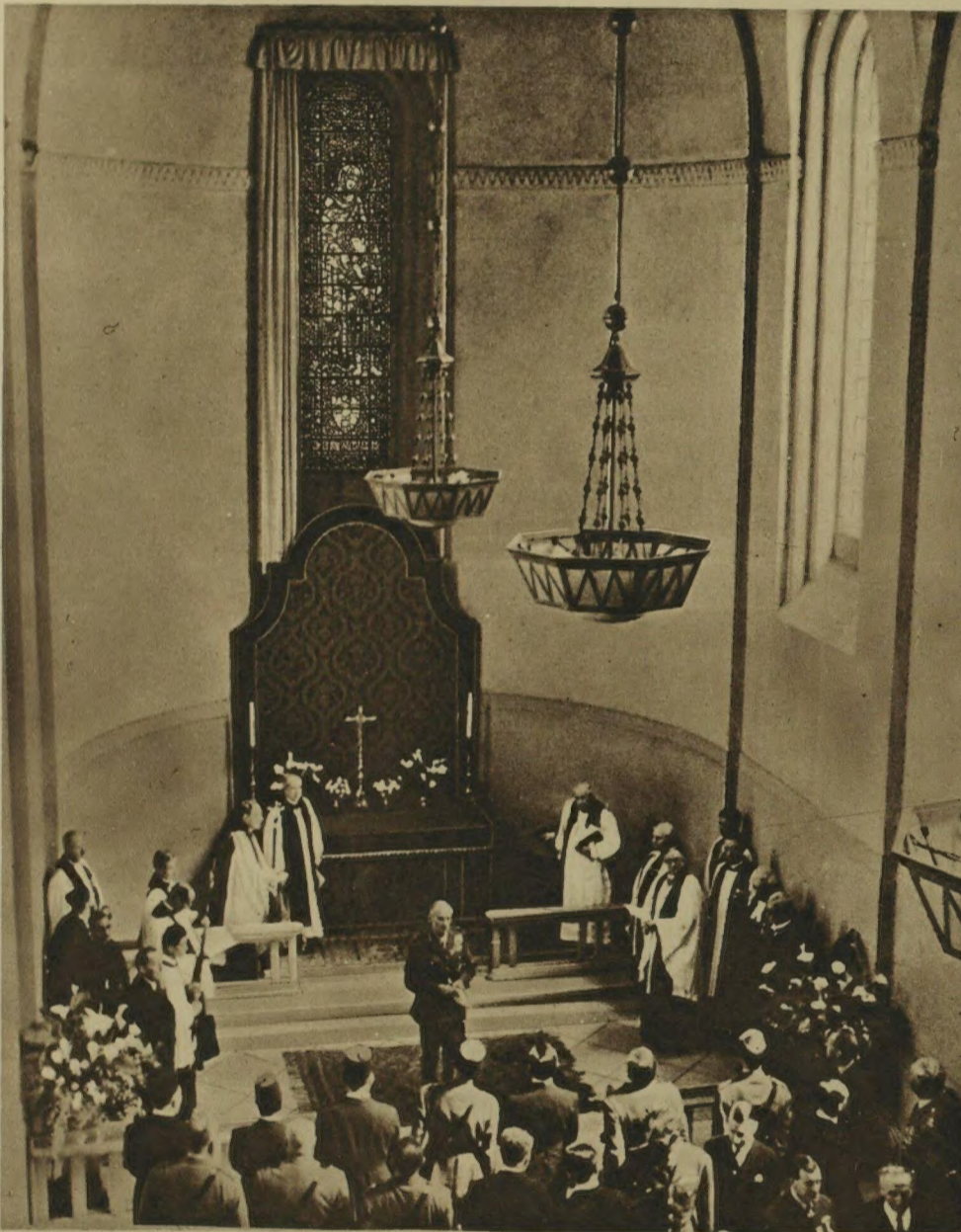
THE other day a great English Sunday newspaper, *The Observer*, mentioned, almost casually, that the Army had taken the place of the Royal Navy as the principal instrument and weapon of British security and power. It did so in somewhat the same quiet, though authoritative fashion in which the Prime Minister, about the same time, mentioned in Parliament that the supreme command of the Atlantic was being entrusted to an American Admiral and the control of the British Home Fleet to an international committee, or, to be more accurate, a whole hierarchy of international committees. To support its highly important statement of fact, *The Observer* cited, if I remember rightly, the comparative annual

expenditure on the respective British Fighting Services before the First World War, before the Second World War, and to-day. And these figures showed clearly enough the accuracy of the *fait accompli* they recorded. The Army, formerly the Cinderella of the Services, is now getting the lion's share of that part of the national revenues devoted to defence; the Navy the smallest share. The Rhine, in Mr. Baldwin's words—or now, perhaps, it should be the Elbe—has become Britannia's supposed bulwark, and the Channel, the North Sea and even the Atlantic have become, it seems, little more than a part of our inland water system, to be patrolled by a few security-police, revenue and ornamental Government vessels. The place for Nelson, Drake, Collingwood, the first Marquis of Halifax, Pepys, and the rest of that antiquated crew is now presumably the National Maritime Museum and the B.B.C.'s Third Programme. Practical men, one supposes, should now concern themselves with more up-to-date things.

Certainly the reduction in the size of our Fleet in the past five years would appear to support these, to an Englishman, startling and melancholy deductions. Not since the days when a British Government laid up its Battle Fleet as a measure of economy during the Second Dutch War, or, at any rate, since Pepys's corrupt and incompetent successors at the Admiralty, in the latter part of Charles II's reign, reduced the active sea establishment to three ships-of-the-line and twenty cruisers, has our naval strength fallen so low. Yet never in peacetime have we been spending so much on our armed forces as we are doing at the present time. It is true that a large part of this expenditure is explained by the fact that, in war as in every other activity, we appear nowadays unable to carry out any activity of a creative or practical kind without employing at least four or five clerks and typists to count and record, in thrice-doubled triplicate, what one man of action is doing or trying to do. Probably the largest ship by far in his Majesty's Navy to-day is H.M.S. "Queen Anne's Mansions"—a vessel which before the war, when our Battle Fleet was several times its present size, was still permitted to perform the peaceful task for which it was so clearly built—the housing of his Majesty's civilian subjects. The trouble about this vessel, however, is that it cannot float, and is, therefore, despite its enormous expense and the vast crew it carries, useless for deterring the King's enemies from landing on our shores or from intercepting our sea communications. This may help to explain the discrepancy between the cost of supporting a Navy to-day and the size of the Fleet we are able to maintain round our shores and in the defence of our trade routes. Typewriters, not guns, filing-cabinets, not ships, have been of late our British variant of Goering's famous slogan for rearmament.

This, however, though important, does not explain the discrepancy between the amounts spent on the Navy and Army. The fact remains that those who govern us, and presumably the British public, whose votes keep them in power and whose taxes pay their salaries and pensions, have come to believe that an Army is much more important to us than a Navy. The reason for this belief is partly, no doubt, that the coming of the air weapon has dramatically changed the character of war at sea and destroyed the immunity of this country from direct damage by enemy action. During the last war we were heavily bombed from the air, and our capital and a number of our principal towns and ports suffered serious loss and damage. It

IN MEMORY OF THE SPIRIT OF ALAMEIN.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY ADDRESSING THE CONGREGATION IN THE LADY CHAPEL OF ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL, CAIRO, AFTER UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE EIGHTH ARMY, ABOVE THE ALTAR. (RIGHT, ABOVE THE ALTAR RAILS) BISHOP GWYNNE, WHO DEDICATED THE WINDOW. On March 4, Mothering Sunday, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein unveiled in the Lady Chapel of All Saints' Cathedral, Cairo, a stained-glass window in memory of the men of the Eighth Army who fell in the fighting in Egypt, Libya, Tunisia and Italy—"a memorial," in the Field Marshal's words, "to the courage and faith of the ordinary common soldier." The window was dedicated by Bishop Gwynne, formerly Bishop in Egypt and the Sudan for nearly forty years, and received by the Rt. Rev. Geoffrey Gwynne, Bishop in Egypt. Lord Montgomery gave an address on the spirit of Alamein and the character of the Christian soldier; and after the service, scarlet-clad buglers of The Royal Sussex Regiment sounded Last Post and Reveille at the Cathedral doorway. The window, which was designed by Mr. Carl Edwards, was, it will be recalled, exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum last autumn and a detailed photograph of it was reproduced in our issue of September 30, 1950.

is widely believed, and probably correctly, that in any future war they will suffer even more seriously. Yet this fact has not, up to date, altered the fundamental strategic importance of sea-power to this country. It has merely changed the nature of the weapon with which sea-power is contested and maintained. We remained an island in 1940, despite the greatest military disaster in our annals and the presence all round our shores, in a great hoop of ocean from the North Cape to the Spanish frontier, of the most powerful and victorious army ever assembled against us. We did so because the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, acting in conjunction, made it impossible for the enemy to transport any part of that Army across the narrow seas. Had he been able to do so, we should, despite all the money we had spent on our own Army, undoubtedly have perished, and so, in all probability, would the cause of freedom in the world. Sea-power, as in the past, proved vital to our existence. During the ensuing year, when we stood alone against the still seemingly all-powerful aggressor, we were able to reduce him to the most fatal act of folly in the history of war—the attack on Russia—simply by virtue of the fact that we commanded the sea, and which he well knew and, from past experience, so much feared. The truth is that sea-power, whether exercised by a Navy or a Navy, Air Force and Army acting in conjunction, is a weapon in which a comparatively small force can effect a very large result. It is like the action of a very long lever and fulcrum; it enables a very small weight to lift a very big one.

Nearly all that we have been able to achieve in our history as a nation has been due, at bottom, to our understanding of this simple fact. With a minute geographical base and with comparatively small military resources, we have been able to effect an immense and salutary influence on the world: not by conquering or attempting to conquer it—one cannot do

that with sea-power alone—but by preventing others from doing so, and by developing—to the advantage of ourselves and of everyone else—the free flow of goods and thought along the world's waterways. The failure of the present generation and of its rulers, both political and bureaucratic, to realise this is a very serious matter. It has occurred because, largely through an inadequacy, now extending over nearly a century, in the popular presentation and teaching of our own history, we have taken sea-power, and all the immeasurable blessings that flow from it, for granted. We are now, as a result, acting as though sea command will be enjoyed in the future automatically without the forces to ensure it. A more disastrous mistake for Englishmen to make it would scarcely be possible to conceive. It goes to the very root of our existence and of our future and of all we believe in. That is why I have written as I have done.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PERSIAN PREMIER: FUNERAL SCENES IN TEHERAN, AND OTHER ITEMS.



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL ALI RAZMARA, THE PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED ON MARCH 7: A VIEW OF THE CORTÈGE IN TEHERAN.



BORNE ON THE SHOULDERS OF HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS OF THE PERSIAN ARMY: THE BODY OF GENERAL ALI RAZMARA CARRIED IN PROCESSION ON MARCH 8.



DEMONSTRATING IN FAVOUR OF THE NATIONALISATION OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY AFTER THE MURDER OF THE PREMIER: THE VAST CROWD IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE AND (INSET) THE ALLEGED ASSASSIN, ABDULLAH RASTEGAR.

On March 7, the Prime Minister of Persia, General Ali Razmara, was assassinated as he was entering the courtyard of the Maschede Soltaneh, in Teheran. Four shots were fired, and he was hit in the back and in the neck and died instantly. Police immediately cordoned off an area round the mosque, and arrested three men, subsequently identified as members of the Fadayian Islam, a religious sect which has been pressing for the nationalisation of the Persian oil industry, a step



SHOT AND KILLED AS HE WAS ENTERING THE COURTYARD OF THE MASCHEDA SOLTANEH, IN TEHERAN, ON MARCH 7: GENERAL ALI RAZMARA, PREMIER OF PERSIA.



LYING IN STATE IN THE MOSQUE WHERE HE WAS KILLED: THE BODY OF GENERAL ALI RAZMARA, FLANKED BY A PORTRAIT AND HIS DECORATIONS AND ORDERS, DURING THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN TEHERAN.

which the Prime Minister opposed. The name of the alleged assassin is reported to be Abdullah Rastegar. The body of General Razmara lay in state in the mosque where he was killed, and the funeral took place in Teheran on March 8. The Shah ordered two days of mourning throughout the land. On March 9 a crowd of several thousand people gathered in the streets to hear the leader of Fadayian Islam criticise British and American "interference" in Persian affairs.

A CAMERA SURVEY OF TOPICAL EVENTS: NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST OF CHARTERHOUSE COMBINED CADETS: LORD MOUNTBATTEN, WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY UNVEILED A MEMORIAL TO GENERAL WINGATE IN CHARTERHOUSE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL. On March 11 a memorial to Major-General Orde Charles Wingate, leader of the Chindit force in Burma who was killed in an air crash on active service in 1944, was unveiled by Vice-Admiral Lord Mountbatten, and dedicated by the Bishop of Guildford, in Charterhouse War Memorial Chapel, Godalming. A tribute by Mr. Churchill to General Wingate—who was educated at Charterhouse—was read by Lieut.-General Sir Henry Pownall, who represented Mr. Churchill. The plaque was subscribed to by officers and men who served under Major-General Wingate in Burma.

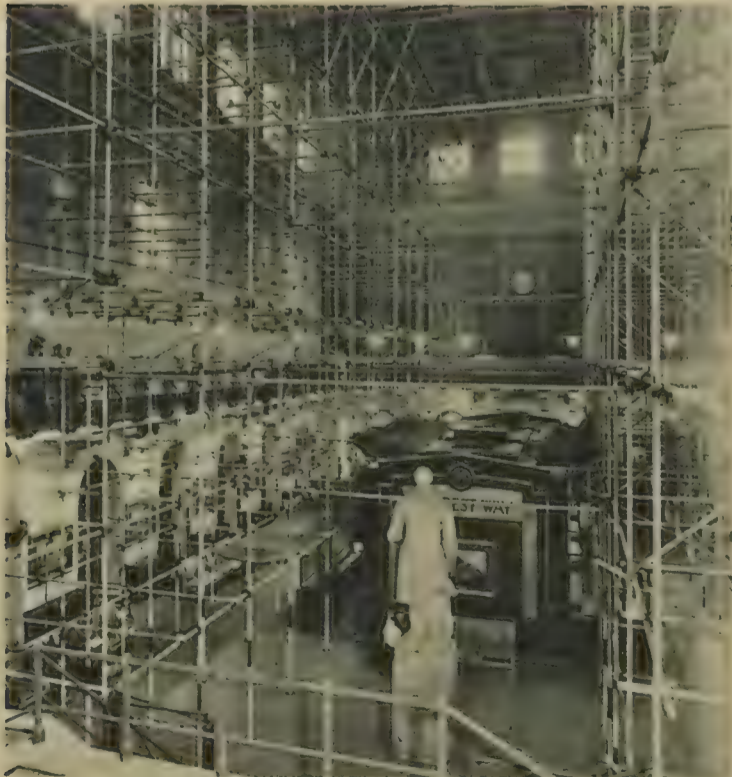


WITH THE CHINDIT ASSOCIATION COLOURS: CAPTAIN BLACKBURNE, A CHINDIT, BESIDE THE MEMORIAL TABLET TO MAJOR-GENERAL ORDE CHARLES WINGATE AFTER THE UNVEILING IN CHARTERHOUSE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL. THE PLAQUE BEARS THE CHINDIT EMBLEM.



TO DECORATE THE GHOST TRAIN IN THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN PLEASURE GARDENS: A HUGE STAR BEING SPRAYED WITH A PLASTIC MESH WHICH IS WATERPROOF AND TRANSLUCENT.

TO BE USED AT THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION: A SELECTION OF FINISHED LAMPSHADES MADE FROM SPRAYED PLASTIC OF GREAT DURABILITY. A number of lampshades and other decorations which will be seen at the Festival of Britain exhibition are being made by an entirely new process. After the wire frames are made they are covered by spraying with a fine mesh of plastic like a web. This mesh is built up in strength according to size and requirements. When dry, this skin is jointless, translucent, non-inflammable and waterproof. The texture resembles that of leather.



IN SCAFFOLDING PRIOR TO REDECORATION: THE GREAT HALL AT EUSTON STATION, LONDON, WHERE SIX MILES OF INTRICATE SCAFFOLDING TUBES HAVE BEEN ERECTED IN READINESS FOR THE REPAINTING OF THE CEILING. EUSTON STATION IS THE OLDEST RAILWAY TERMINUS IN LONDON.

FAREWELL TO A GREAT MAN OF THE THEATRE: HUGE CROWDS PRESSING FORWARD TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO IVOR NOVELLO AS THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE ARRIVED AT GOLDERS GREEN CREMATORIUM ON MARCH 12. MUSIC COMPOSED BY THE DEAD ACTOR WAS PLAYED DURING THE SERVICE AND RELAYED TO THE SILENT CROWDS THAT GATHERED OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL.

NOTABLE AND UNUSUAL EVENTS FROM MANY SOURCES:
PICTURES FROM EUROPE, AMERICA AND THE PACIFIC.



COMMEMORATING THE SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE FOR IWO JIMA: MEMBERS OF THE U.S. ARMED FORCES DURING A CEREMONY ON MOUNT SURIBACHI.

The sixth anniversary of the invasion of the island of Iwo Jima by U.S. Marines in February, 1945, was commemorated this year by ceremonies there in which all branches of the U.S. armed services took part. The battle for Iwo Jima was one of the most savage of the war.



BELIEVED TO BE THE HEAVIEST PIECE OF PETROLEUM REFINERY EQUIPMENT EVER SHIPPED BY RAIL: A 49-TRAY DEPROPANIZER 13 FT. 4 INS. IN DIAMETER, AND 120 FT. LONG, WEIGHING 601,236 LB., LOADED ON THREE FLAT RAILWAY CARS READY TO LEAVE HOUSTON, TEXAS.



M. QUEUILLE'S NEW CABINET: THE FRENCH PREMIER AND SOME OF HIS MINISTERS. M. QUEUILLE, THE FORMER RADICAL PRIME MINISTER, WAS CONFIRMED AS PRIME MINISTER BY THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ON MARCH 9 BY 359 VOTES TO 205, AND ANNOUNCED HIS CABINET ON MARCH 10.

(Right.) Members of the new French Cabinet announced on March 10: (l. to r., front row) M. Pleven (a Vice-Premier), M. Queuille (Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior), M. V. Auriol (President of the Republic), M. G. Bidault (a Vice-Premier), and M. Guy Mollet (a Vice-Premier), and behind, MM. M. Lejeune, André Monteil, P. Antier, J. Letourneau, L. Coffin, G. Defferre, E. Thomas, R. Buron, A. Maroselli, P. Aujoulat, C. Brune, F. Mitterand, A. Morice, E. Faure, M. Petsche (who retains his post as Minister of Finance), J. M. Louvel, E. Claudius-Petit, J. Moch (who retains his post as Minister of Defence), A. Pinay, P. Metayer, R. Mayer, A. Guillaud, M. Bourges-Maunoury and J. Catoire. The Cabinet is practically identical with that of M. Pleven. All the members of the last Government are in the new list, save M. Giacobbi, Radical Minister without Portfolio, in charge of electoral reform, the subject which raised the crisis over which M. Pleven resigned. M. Bidault, leader of the M.R.P., is the only new member of the Cabinet. M. Schuman, who is not shown in the group, retains his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs.



THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER AND FOREIGN MINISTER IN LONDON: SIGNOR DE GASPERI (LEFT) AND COUNT SFORZA, WHO ARRIVED ON MARCH 12 FOR INFORMAL CONVERSATIONS WITH H.M. GOVERNMENT ON CURRENT AFFAIRS OF COMMON INTEREST. SIGNOR DE GASPERI REFERRED TO ENGLAND AS "THIS CONSTANT BULWARK OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY."



LOTUS SEEDS GERMINATING IN WASHINGTON FOR WHICH AN AMAZING CLAIM HAS BEEN MADE: THEIR AGE IS ESTIMATED AT 50,000 YEARS. Lotus seeds found by archaeologists in Manchuria were presented last year to the National Park Service Department of the Interior, U.S.A. They have germinated and been potted. A Japanese scientist estimated their age at 50,000 years on the basis of the deposits in which they were discovered. The lotus seed can lie dormant and germinate after long periods, as Dr. W. R. Philipson pointed out in an article in our issue of June 11, 1949; the authenticated record being 237 years.

SHIPS NEW AND OLD: A MISCELLANY OF MARITIME ITEMS IN PICTURES.



FLYING THE SIGNAL "THANK YOU—GOOD-BYE," *AQUITANIA* LEAVES FOR HER LAST VOYAGE: A PAINTING NOW INSTALLED IN THE *QUEEN ELIZABETH*.

A little over a year ago that well-loved Transatlantic Cunarder *Aquitania* sailed on her last voyage from Southampton, to the shipbreakers, after thirty-six years' service. Our reproduction of this incident is from an oil painting by Captain C. E. Turner, a marine artist well known to readers of *The Illustrated London News*, and the painting now hangs at the head of the cabin staircase of the great Cunard-White Star liner *Queen Elizabeth*.



THE NEW FURNESS WITHY LUXURY LINER, THE 13,658-TONS GROSS REGISTER *OCEAN MONARCH*. LYING IN THE TYNE PRIOR TO HER TRIALS IN LATE MARCH. HER HOME PORT WILL BE NEW YORK, AND SHE WILL BE USED FOR DOLLAR-EARNING LUXURY CRUISES.



NOW HANDED OVER TO THE ROYAL PAKISTAN NAVY AND RENAMED *TUGHRIL*: THE FORMER *ONSLAUGHT*, A 1540-TON DESTROYER, SISTER TO TWO HANDED OVER TO PAKISTAN IN 1949 AND NOW KNOWN AS *TIPPU SULTAN* AND *TARIQ*.



H.M.S. *EAGLE*, THE SISTER-SHIP OF H.M.S. *ARK ROYAL*, ENTERING THE MERSEY IN READINESS FOR HER TRIALS. THESE TWO NEW CARRIERS ARE OF 36,800 TONS DISPLACEMENT AND WILL BE THE LARGEST BRITISH AIRCRAFT CARRIERS EVER BUILT.



THE *BOUNTIF* THAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH BLIGH, BEING TOWED FROM RAMSGATE EN ROUTE FOR THE FESTIVAL GARDENS. THE FUNNEL BELONGS TO THE TUG.

The *Bounty*, which is to be moored off the Festival Gardens to add a touch of nautical gaiety to the proceedings, has nothing to do with Bligh. She is an iron barque of 800 tons, built in 1875, which after service as *Alastor* in the Pacific and in the firewood trade in the North Sea from 1895 to 1939, changed her name to *Bounty* in 1946 and was converted into a floating restaurant at Ramsgate.



THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL SHIP: THE FOUR-MASTED *PASSAT*, ONE OF THE LAST OF THE OCEAN-GOING WINDJAMMERS, BEING TOWED TO THE SCRAP-YARD.

Both *Passat* and *Pamir*, those two Finnish four-masted steel barques, which until recently delighted all eyes as they finished their yearly grain voyage from Australia to England with all sails set, are being broken up. Our picture shows *Passat* leaving Penarth under tow for an Antwerp shipbreaker's. She was built in Germany in 1911, *Pamir* in 1905.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AIR-VICE-MARSHAL E. C. HUDLESTON, ROYAL AIR FORCE, DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF, PLANS. — **MAJOR-GEN. F. W. FESTING**, BRITISH ARMY, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF STAFF, ORGANISATION AND TRAINING. **MAJOR-GEN. SIR TERENCE AIREY**, BRITISH ARMY, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF STAFF, INTELLIGENCE. **REAR-ADMIRAL CAPPONI**, ITALIAN NAVY, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF STAFF, PERSONNEL AND ADMINISTRATION. **LIEUT-GEN. MARCEL MAURICE CARPENTIER**, FRENCH ARMY, DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF, ADMINISTRATION. **MAJOR-GEN. E. H. LEAVEY**, UNITED STATES ARMY, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF STAFF, LOGISTICS.

APPOINTMENTS TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC MILITARY STAFF: SIX OF THE EIGHT SENIOR OFFICERS CHOSEN TO FILL KEY POSITIONS.

General Sir Terence Airey has been G.O.C.-in-C. British-American Zone, Trieste, since 1948; Major-General F. W. Festing was G.O.C. Hong Kong, 1945-6; Air Vice-Marshal E. C. Hudleston has been A.O.C. No. 1 Group, Bomber Command, since 1950. Lieut-General Carpentier was C-in-C. French Expeditionary Force in Indo-China, 1949-50; and Major-General Bodet (whose portrait is not given) was O.C. French Air Force in Germany until 1947, when he was appointed C-in-C. French Air Forces in Indo-China. He becomes Assistant Chief of Staff, Plans, Policy and Operations. Major-General E. H. Leavey was in 1945 appointed Deputy Commander and Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army Forces under General MacArthur. Rear-Admiral Ferrante Capponi was Assistant Naval Attaché and Naval Attaché in London at various periods before the war. These seven appointments were announced on March 6, and on the following day that of M. Le Bigot as budget and fiscal officer was added.



THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH. Deputy Grand Master, was elected Grand Master of English Freemasonry in succession to the late Duke of Devonshire at the quarterly communication of the United Grand Lodge of Antient Free and Accepted Masons of England on March 7. He has been Lord Lieutenant of West Riding, Yorks, since 1948.



DRIVING FROM THE IRAKI EMBASSY, WHERE HE HAD LUNCHEON, WITH A BIRTHDAY CAKE AND A BOUQUET: MR. ERNEST BEVIN ON MARCH 9, HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY. March 9, 1951, marked a special milestone in the life of Mr. Ernest Bevin, for on that day, his seventieth birthday, it was announced that he was to leave the Foreign Office—he had been Foreign Secretary since 1945—and become Lord Privy Seal. Our photograph shows Mr. Bevin, who recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia, driving from the Iraqi Embassy with a birthday cake and a bouquet which had been presented to him at a luncheon given by the Regent of Iraq, Emir Abdul Ilah. Mr. Eden, Deputy-Leader of the Opposition, said on March 10 that Mr. Bevin's ill-health, which had caused his resignation from the Foreign Office, was "a national misfortune."

HUSSAIN ALA. Named by the Shah of Persia to succeed General Razmara, who was assassinated on March 7, as Prime Minister. Hussain Ala, who is sixty-eight, and a former ambassador to the United States, said he had been "ordered" by the Shah to become Premier after having refused at first because he was "in poor health." Hussain Ala was educated in England.



THE RT. HON. JAMES CHUTTER EDE.

To succeed Mr. Morrison as Leader of the House of Commons, and to continue as Home Secretary. He has served for some time with Mr. Morrison as Deputy Leader of the House. For five years in the Coalition Government he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education.



THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT ADDISON. Lord Privy Seal since 1947, now takes the post of Lord President of the Council vacated by Mr. Morrison, which involves some important official duties but no routine or departmental work. Lord Addison, who is eighty-one and Leader of the House of Lords, began his long political career over forty years ago.



LORD MACDERMOTT. The King has signified his intention of appointing Lord MacDermott, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, to be Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland in the place of the late Sir James Andrews. Called to the Irish Bar in 1921, he was Attorney-General, 1941-44; and a Judge of the High Court of Justice, Northern Ireland, 1944-47.

MRS. LORNE SAYERS. Elected as new Chairman of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations. A widow, she has five children and five grandchildren and is a J.P. She had been vice-Chairman of the National Union since 1948, and Chairman of the Central Women's Advisory Committee, 1945-48, and Chairman of the Tavistock Division since 1946.



ANGLO-ARGENTINIAN ACCORD: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD SYMONDS-TAYLER, WITH OFFICERS OF SUPERB VISITING PRESIDENT PERON (SECOND FROM RIGHT). The British cruiser H.M.S. *Superb*, the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Symonds-Tayler, Commander-in-Chief of the America and West Indies squadron, arrived in Buenos Aires in the middle of February on a week's courtesy visit. The Argentine authorities and the British community in the city joined in welcoming the cruiser, which is commanded by Captain W. J. Yendell. During the visit Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Symonds-Tayler and officers of *Superb* were received by President Peron.



AT THE OPENING OF THE PRELIMINARY FOUR-POWER MEETING IN PARIS: MR. DAVIES, LEADER OF THE U.K. DELEGATION, SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. GROMYKO, OF THE U.S.S.R. The preliminary discussions to settle an agenda for a Four-Power Conference began at the Palais Rose in Paris on March 5. M. Parodi, Secretary-General at the Quai d'Orsay and leader of the French delegation, was in the chair. Our photograph, taken before the opening session, shows (l. to r.) Mr. Ernest Davies (leader of the British delegation); Dr. Philip Jessup (leader of the U.S. delegation); Mr. Gromyko (leader of the Soviet delegation) and M. Parodi (leader of the French delegation).



MR. OLIVER J. G. WELCH, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Oliver Welch was born in 1902, he was educated at Downside and Merton College, Oxford, and teaches history. He is the author of "The Middle Ages," being part one of the four-volume "Modern History of Europe," edited by J. Hampden Jackson in 1935; and "Great Britain 1485-1714," published in 1947.

but has been mainly concerned with Mirabeau's political theories and his endeavours, which, with luck, might have been successful, to put them into practice during the early years of the French Revolution. One way or the other, Mirabeau's history can always be surveyed again without tedium: his career can never fail to arouse feelings of astonishment, amusement, disgust and admiration. The early private man is a wild figure, half-comic and half-revolting; the later public man is conspicuous for his sanity and sagacity in an age of men who were politically wild to the fringe of lunacy, but in some instances so rigid in their private lives as to be almost puritanical: Mirabeau died as an outstanding example of what Bagehot called "an extreme moderate." It is one of the oddest careers in history. Strange examples of transmutation are indeed on record: the Rev. John Newton, saintly collaborator with Cowper of the "Oney Hymns," was, in early life, the dissolute captain of a slave-ship. But there have been none stranger than this of the reckless young rip Mirabeau developing into a sober statesman, throwing all his mental and physical strength into an attempt not to stem but to canalise the revolutionary flood, to reform abuses, to preserve institutions worth preserving, in modified form, and to give France the sort of balanced Constitution which England had until reckless politicians, with ephemeral majorities, began to whittle away the delaying powers of the House of Lords.

I must confess that, after reading one more book about him, I am completely bewildered by this extraordinary chameleon. Mr. Welch's frontispiece is a bewigged profile which conveys no impression of either—or, perhaps, any—of the Mirabeaus. The man himself died at forty-two: this portrait, were it presented to a dispassionate and uninformed person, might be taken for that of a mulish, dogmatic hanging judge of seventy-five, taking size nineteen in collars: neither features nor expression give even a hint of the scamp and stealer of hearts, or of the passionate proclaimer of sense who tried to weather the storm: the one genuine characteristic which is certainly evident is determination. That was always present in him. At the last, says our author, "he faced death with no visible sign of fear or of repentance." A little before the end, looking at the young leaves coming out on the trees, he said to his doctor: "You are a great physician, but there is a physician greater than you: the author of the wind which lays all things low, of the water which penetrates and fertilises all things, of the fire by which all things are revived or decomposed." That gives little clue to any views he may have held as to doing his duty in this world in the light of eternal things: it suggests no more than Bernard Shaw's tautologous "Life Force," to which reverence will never be paid, no altars raised: it even falls short of Matthew Arnold's "power, not ourselves, making for righteousness," because the righteousness is left out. Yet the divine hand used him as a weapon; and he spent himself "ingeminating peace," just before that torrent of blood was shed which has left its stain on French Republics ever since, and led to that sad severance which, in the main, keeps the gentry out of political affairs, while they serve in diplomacy, and serve and die (sometimes under false plebeian names) in the Army and the Navy.

Mirabeau had, it must be admitted, a bad start. A man has choice of many things, but it has not yet

A BEWILDERING FIGURE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"MIRABEAU: A STUDY OF A DEMOCRATIC MONARCHIST"; By OLIVER J. G. WELCH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE tale of Mirabeau is an oft-told tale, even in English: it is only a few years since I was reviewing another new book about

him on this page. Mr. Welch's justification for adding his lucid and well-written book to the ever-expanding shelf is that he has not attempted a biography, as such,

been suggested (though I dare say some strange doctrine out of the East may still suggest it) that a man can choose his own father. Certainly no sensible man would choose Mirabeau's father as his father. He was an economist, a physiocrat: he wrote a book called "The Friend of Man," and he was known as "The Friend of Man"; but he wasn't the Friend of his Creditors or the Friend of his Family: he was a

sort of French Godwin, and even Shelley found Godwin out. He found himself confronted, in the midst of all his embarrassments and theories, with a son who was a mixture of Alcibiades, Casanova, Wilkes, Burke and Dr. Johnson; and he didn't know how to cope. He got the son imprisoned; he married him to an heiress, had to pay his debts, and got him imprisoned again; and then, at a distance, he had to hear of his son escaping from prison, going off with another man's wife; and being sentenced to death for rape and kidnapping. Possibly he may have heard of the son's method of living after his escape: change of mistresses, translations from the classics, and composition of pornographic books; anything for a living, in fact. But by a matter of months, he just failed to live to see his son, as statesman and orator (a sublime orator, although most of his speeches were written out for him by other people), turn out to be a much better "Friend of Man" than he himself had ever been.

Mirabeau knew that France would not be herself without the Monarchy, which had made France out of very diverse elements, and was a link between provinces and classes as the British Monarchy is still said to be a link between various colours, and even (oddly) republics. He had spent a good deal of time in England, in the most respectable circles (occasionally shocking those circles because of his feminine entourage) and had become as greatly impressed by our way of muddling through as Montesquieu had been before him. He had difficulties all round: the King was difficult, the Queen was still more difficult; but he fought and fought and, so great was his spell-binding power over Assemblies and people that, had he lived, he might have won, and France, the France of the great Kings, might have been herself again. Unfortunately he died: the books say "as a result of juvenile excesses." He died two months before the Flight to Varennes. That flight he never would have advocated. A flight from Paris and "the red fool-fury of the Seine," yes; a flight from Paris to France, not from Paris to foreign countries. The emigration produced Valmy, and the "Marseillaise," written by Rouget de l'Isle, a Catholic and a Monarchist, facts which are seldom remembered by those who brandish the boringly multiplying tricolours of the world. M. Laval, doubtless, wouldn't have liked to go back to the fleur-de-lis on a silver ground; but why don't the Southern Irish claim the harp of Tara again, gold on a green ground, instead of one more three-striped flag, seeing which one has to look up a book in order to make sure that it isn't the flag of Panama or Haiti.

Mr. Welch, summing up, says: "Again, to what aspects of their post-revolutionary history do Frenchmen look back with least pride and with most inclination to mutual recriminations? Surely to the political instability and the cleavages of party and class from which their country has suffered ever since 1793. In a century and a half at least eight distinct régimes, all of which have collapsed and died quite suddenly, none of which has found any significant body of mourners—it is an uninspiring record and one in striking contrast to the majestic continuity which France enjoyed for centuries under her kings. It is the paradox of the Revolution that it gave France a greatly heightened sense of national unity while robbing her of a visible object of habitual and general loyalty. The Republic had its enthusiasts, Bonaparte had his grateful admirers, and the Bourbons had their passionate but diminishing partisans; but, after the fall of Louis XVI, no dynasty and no system was able to rely on the instinctive loyalty of the nation as a whole. That was the unhappy condition from which Mirabeau might have saved his country, and it is because he fought for an equal citizenship under the historic monarchy that, despite a moral obliquity which tarnished his fame and contributed to his failure, an undeniable splendour surrounds his memory."

It is not for an Englishman to tell other countries how to run their affairs. But we may yet live to see kings back on the thrones of France, Spain, and even Italy. Strange things have happened; but none stranger than Mirabeau.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 430 of this issue.



"A BEWIGGED PROFILE WHICH CONVEYS NO IMPRESSION OF EITHER—OR, PERHAPS, ANY—OF THE MIRABEAUS": A DRAWING IN CHALK OF MIRABEAU BY BOUNIEU, IN THE MUSÉE DE VERSAILLES.



"YOUNG, SLIM, ELEGANT AND VERY ELOQUENT, THE SPOILED CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION. . . BETWEEN HIM AND MIRABEAU IT WAS A MATCH OF CHAMPIONS": BARNAVE.

(Bust by Houdon in the Musée Carnavalet.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Mirabeau: A Study of a Democratic Monarchist," by Courtesy of the publisher, Jonathan Cape.

* "Mirabeau: A Study of a Democratic Monarchist," By Oliver J. G. Welch. Illustrated. (Cape; 18s.)

TO BE A MEMORIAL AND SHRINE FOR SHAVIANS:
"SHAW'S CORNER," NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.



NOW BELONGING TO THE NATIONAL TRUST AND OPENED TO THE PUBLIC TO-DAY (MARCH 17): "SHAW'S CORNER," AYOT ST. LAWRENCE—THE SOUTH ASPECT.

TO-DAY (March 17) was the date arranged for the opening ceremony of "Shaw's Corner" at Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts., by the National Trust, to whom G.B.S. left what had been his home for about the last third of his long life. The house and grounds are to be opened to the public, on payment, every Sunday from 11 to 1 and from 2 to 6 and on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays in the afternoon only. The house is, more or less, as the great playwright left it, although the dining-room, which was used as his bedroom for his last illness, has been rearranged as a dining-room. Despite the presence of many well-known portraits of G.B.S., many of his clothes and writing paraphernalia, the house seems curiously impersonal. Even its name was not chosen by himself, but grew up in village usage; and it is surely typical of him that any paragraph, any postcard, of his writing is a more vivid and characteristic memorial of him.



THE HALL, "SHAW'S CORNER": SHOWING STICKS, HATS AND COAT BELONGING TO G.B.S., AND THE WHEELED CHAIR USED BY HIM IN HIS LAST ILLNESS.



STILL AS G.B.S. LEFT IT: THE STUDY AT "SHAW'S CORNER," SHOWING HIS DESK BY THE WINDOW, WITH ALL ITS WORKING PARAPHERNALIA.



THE DINING-ROOM—WHICH WAS, HOWEVER, USED AS A BEDROOM DURING HIS LAST ILLNESS, AND WAS THE ROOM IN WHICH G.B.S. DIED.



THE DRAWING-ROOM. OVER THE FIREPLACE, THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MRS. SHAW, AND (BENEATH) A SHAKESPEARE STATUETTE AND AN "OSCAR."

IN THE LAND OF HOUSEWIVES' DREAMS: HOUSES, GARDENS, DEVICES AND SCENES AT THE 28TH IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.



THE 28th Ideal Home Exhibition opened at Olympia on March 6 and will be open every week-day until March 31, including the Saturday before Easter and Easter Monday, but excluding Good Friday. The Grand Hall is luxuriously decorated this year to recall the warmth and sumptuous comfort beloved by many in Mid-Victorian Britain.
(Continued below.)

(LEFT) LIT BY HUGE CHANDELERS AND THICKLY CARPETED: THE GRAND HALL AT OLYMPIA, LONDON, WARDENS A METAL COPY OF THE FAMOUS CRYSTAL PALACE.



EMBODYING THE IDEAS OF SOME 100,000 WOMEN: THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES HOUSE, IN THE "VILLAGE OF IDEAL HOMES" AT OLYMPIA.



A WOMAN-PLANNED HOUSE: THE INTERIOR OF THE KITCHEN-LIVING ROOM IN THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE.



TWO OF THE SIX "IDEAL HOMES": ONE (LEFT) HAS BURGLAR-RESISTANT LOCKS AND DEVICES, AND THE OTHER (RIGHT) IS OF A TYPE DESIGNED FOR MUNICIPAL HOUSING, BUILT ON A SYSTEM WHICH PROVIDES A HOUSE IN ONE-THIRD OF THE USUAL TIME.



BUILT WITH BRICKS FROM A 500-YEAR-OLD SUSSEX BARN: GARDENS. THE GARDEN-HOUSE IS THATCHED WITH SUSSEX HEATHER.



A DEVICE TO ELIMINATE THE DAUDGERY OF CARRYING A HEAVY SUIT-CASE: AN ATTACHMENT WITH WHEELS—THE HEIGHT CAN BE ADJUSTED.

(ABOVE.) COMBINING FRAGRANCE, LONG PERIOD OF FLOWERING AND GREAT CHARM: CARBATIONS EFFECTIVELY MARRIED AS SEEN IN ONE OF THE SEVENTEEN GARDENS AT OLYMPIA.

(Continued.) A red carpet—360 ft. long leads to a modern copy of the famous Crystal Palace of 1851—it is a two-storey structure made of modern light metal alloys, and it houses special displays of Silks and Glass. A new feature of the Exhibition this year is a Book Exhibition at which some 400 volumes are displayed. Six houses form this year's Village of Ideal Homes; five of them have been furnished to the plans of well-known journalists, and the sixth is the house of the Women's Institutes, which incorporates all that was best and most practicable in the ideas of their 400,000 members. On the second floor, in the Leisure and Recreation Section, there is an Inventors' Corner, where scores of new inventions not yet adopted for manufacture may be seen. In every part of the Exhibition visitors will find new appliances and ideas.
(Continued opposite.)



ONE OF MANY INGENUOUS DEVICES DEMONSTRATED AT OLYMPIA: A PLASTIC COIL WITH WHICH HATS OF VARIOUS DESIGNS CAN BE MADE FROM SCARFS OR ODD PIECES OF MATERIAL. THE MATERIAL IS ROLLED ROUND THE COIL.



SIMPLE BUT EXTREMELY USEFUL: A WOOL-WINDER MADE FROM TWO RUBBER SUCTION PADS WHICH CLING TO THE WALL OR CHAIR-BACK.



ELECTRIFYING HISTORY: MODERN ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT SEEN AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF A VICTORIAN DRAWING-ROOM; ONE OF A SERIES OF INTERESTING TABLEAUX IN THE ELECTRICITY PAVILION.

(ABOVE.) SHOWING HOW THE CORNERS OF A GARDEN CAN BE TRANSFORMED WITH A STREAM AND ROCKS: AN INFORMAL GARDEN IN THE GARDENS OF MUSIC.

(Continued.) for the improvement of homes. Among the many interesting exhibits is a hot-plate heated to 80 deg. by night-lights; a single-operation apple corer and slicer; a sewing-machine attachment which darns, patches and stitches in any direction; a self-illuminating powder compact; a Mechanical Charwoman which suction-cleans, scrubs, dries and polishes the floor. The Food and Cookery Section offers a wide range of new foods and ideas to help the housewife solve her present-day catering problems and provide nourishing and appetizing meals.



A STITCH IN TIME: A SEWING MACHINE OF 1851 COMPARED WITH A MODERN PORTABLE ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINE (LEFT) OF TO-DAY.

HE who studies comment in Parliament and Press will have no doubt of the anxiety felt in this country about the possibility of an attack on Yugoslavia in 1951 by Russia's satellites. This is indeed a subject known to be very much in the mind of the Government. It is not the first occasion on which Yugoslavia has been threatened. Not long after her expulsion from the Cominform there occurred concentrations of troops in Hungary and Rumania on the Yugoslav frontiers, and in the former case formidable columns of tanks were seen on the roads, some correspondents being menaced with immediate expulsion if they reported them. Since then Marshal Tito has moved farther away from his former friends. His official utterances and those of his Government no longer contain phrases of admiration for the Soviet Union or pleas that Yugoslavia has been misunderstood. He has, in fact, adopted a defiant tone. Yugoslavia has at long last restored railway and telephonic communication with Greece. She has approached the Atlantic Treaty Powers and obtained supplies, particularly food, from the United States. On one important point only has she maintained her old policy. She has not asked for arms and has, indeed, said that she would not accept them.

The reason for this abstention is the consideration that acceptance of arms from the United States on her part might precipitate an attack upon her. None the less, she has lately let it be known that if the danger appeared to be becoming more acute, she would be glad to receive arms also. Yet already it seems to have become far more serious than when the troop movements which I have mentioned set the world talking for a few days and were then forgotten. Not only has Russia tightened her control over all the satellites; there exist also signs of directly military, and of economic, measures which look uncommonly like preparations for war at no distant date. These are seen above all in airfields. Work has been going on upon half-a-dozen or more in Rumania. It is also reported that concerns which formerly specialised in the production of agricultural material have gone over to that of armoured cars and other military vehicles. Police control in all the satellite countries has notoriously been tightened. In Czechoslovakia what is described as a "Titoist" purge is in progress, and cases are being prepared which are expected to result in sensational trials.

On the other side, it would appear that the suspicions regarding the policy of Yugoslavia entertained by Greece up to the end of last year are dying out. Greek spokesmen have recently taken the trouble to point out how great would be the power of the armed forces of Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia, if united for a common purpose. At the beginning of this month, the State Department in Washington agreed that reports of serious consideration having been given to the possibility of the United States associating herself with the British, French and Turkish Treaty of mutual assistance were well founded. Turkey has actually issued an invitation to the United States to become a party to this Treaty. It will be recalled that Turkey was informed that her application to join the Atlantic Treaty could not be acceded to, but was shortly afterwards invited to take part in military plans for the defence of South-east Europe. Her relations with Greece have become closer and more friendly; they have for a long time been good, though they were clouded by Greek criticism of Turkish policy during the Second World War. It is also to be noted that Turkish relations with Spain, despite a relative lack of economic contacts, have been warm.

There seems to be no desire on the part of Marshal Tito to enter into an alliance of any sort, and in fact it might be inadvisable for the Western nations to do so. Yugoslavia remains a Communist State. If it should be decided to aid her in military matters, as is already being done with every justification in economic, this will be for reasons of policy. There would be nothing to reprobate in such a policy, nothing of which any Government would have cause to be ashamed. The doom of Yugoslavia might at worst prove fatal to Greece, and at best would expose her

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. YUGOSLAVIA AND THE SATELLITES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

to the risk of a return to the turmoil and misery from which she emerged only last year. The conclusion of a definite treaty of alliance with Yugoslavia in time of peace would, on the other hand, wear a cynical air. If it were decided to support her to maintain her independence, it would be a case of both sides having something to give, each proving serviceable to the other, without need for the idealistic commitments of recent treaties. The creation of an understanding between Yugoslavia's immediate neighbour, Greece, and her more distant neighbour, Turkey, to protect themselves in common against developments which, though starting with aggression against Yugoslavia, would bring about a deadly threat to their own safety, would be a prudent and reasonable precaution.

By that I mean a precaution not only against defeat but also against war in South-eastern Europe. Yugoslavia's strategic situation, with Bulgaria ready to drive into her flank at a moment when she is occupied in facing a still stronger thrust from the north, is highly precarious, as her history in the present century has proved. Her Army is believed to be better in many respects than that of either Hungary, Rumania or Bulgaria; but she is dependent on her

would otherwise have been used for restoration, had to be diverted to military purposes. It would be disastrous to repeat the process, especially in view of the decrease in Marshall Aid which took place at the end of last year. Turkey has not undergone a similar experience, but she has kept her Army in a state of semi-mobilisation for ten years. Signs are

not wanting that the United States will have to revise programmes of aid to allies. Their extent is causing anxiety to others than the relatively few who oppose them in principle. In future it will be a question of making both ends meet, and the defence of the Eastern Mediterranean and South-eastern Europe will have to be balanced with other obligations.

There is nothing new in such a problem. It is one of the commonplaces of defensive policy and plans in time of peace. I allude to it now only for the purpose of suggesting that if the friendly States of South-eastern Europe are not armed to the teeth by outside aid—and they clearly cannot arm themselves to the teeth by their own efforts—it does not necessarily follow that the greater Powers are unmindful of their importance. I believe that allotment to them of what is considered to be a suitable share of available resources would be a prudent investment. And I repeat that it might well prove to be not so much an investment for war as one against the risk of war. The friends of Russia in this country are already showing how much they dislike the prospect of a strong Greece by accusing her of planning an invasion of Central Europe, which is rather like Hitler's accusation against

Belgium and Holland before launching his offensive against them in 1940. For these people it has become a principle that arms are always meant to be used defensively when they are in Communist hands and that any nation on the other side of the Iron Curtain which possesses them has automatically labelled itself a potential aggressor.

I can only accept the views of those better informed than I am myself that there really is this danger of an attack on Yugoslavia by the satellites. Otherwise, I can see no motive for it, unless it be that Russia considers she cannot afford to put up with the affront which Tito has inflicted upon her by his determination to be free and manage his own affairs. I cannot understand why it should be expected that Yugoslavia is to be the object of attack, but at the same time that Russia herself will not move directly this year. If she does not want to engage in war herself at present, it seems curious that she should initiate an action which might well bring about a war from which she could not stand aside. The present activities of Russia and the satellites may after all be only another phase of the "cold war," which has always included threats of active war, has always played on nerves and striven to create dilemmas for the "bourgeois capital-

ists." It is, however, a factor in the strong position in which Russia stands to-day that, even when there exists a strong suspicion that she is bluffing, it is never prudent to base policy and measures of defence upon it. There may always be the double *coup*: A bluffs and deceives B, but the latter presently ceases to be deceived; again A hoists the danger signal, which B disregards and takes for bluff, but this time it is not.

Marshal Tito has had a long run since he shook himself clear of Russian domination and refused to be grouped with the other puppets pulled by the strings of the Kremlin. Many of the shrewdest observers of the European scene expected him to be dealt with in, at most, a few months after his insolence had been made clear to the world, to the not inconsiderable damage of Russian prestige. In every respect, with the one exception that she did not then possess the atomic bomb, Russia would have been accepting less risk if she had attacked him immediately than would now be the case. The provisions to meet the menace of Russia have been slow in the extreme, as I have pointed out here often enough. Yet it cannot be denied that matters have moved. It is only when we come to consider the possibility of an incident such as an attack on Yugoslavia that we realise all would not now be such plain sailing for the attackers as it would have been two years ago.



PERHAPS THE MOST EXASPERATING THORN IN RUSSIA'S SIDE AND A CONTINUING AFFRONT TO THE SOLIDARITY OF INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM: MARSHAL TITO, THE RULER OF YUGOSLAVIA, AT HIS DESK—AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH. In his article on this page, Captain Falls discusses Yugoslavia's position to-day, the menace of military preparations by her Cominform neighbours, Marshal Tito's improved relations with Greece and Turkey, and the implications of economic or military aid from the West. "Marshal Tito," he writes, "has had a long run since he shook himself clear of Russian domination and refused to be grouped with the other puppets pulled by the strings of the Kremlin. Many of the shrewdest observers of the European scene expected him to be dealt with in, at most, a few months after his insolence had been made clear to the world, to the not inconsiderable damage of Russian prestige."

own slender industrial resources, whereas they have all received some material from Russia and could hope for more if they were to be unleashed against her. The presence of strong forces, united in alliance, in Greece and Turkey, would be the equivalent of a piece in chess covering the square on which the opponent desires to establish his attacking queen. A prospect, though by no means a certainty, exists that the refusal of Greece and Turkey to disinterest themselves in an attack on Yugoslavia would cause the satellite nations to hesitate, even if they were spurred on by their master, and might even give the master reason for serious reflection on the advantages of aggression in such circumstances. Moderate strength upon the spot is sometimes more effective than great strength at a distance, with other commitments.

Yet it is easier to put this policy on paper than to implement it. It calls for further expenditure. Greece is not an industrial country; nor, for practical purposes, is Turkey. Greece, apart from the strain of a long and bloody civil war, faces the future with a very large adverse trade balance and has neither restored her civil war damage nor even caught up with the arrears in repairing damage which the Second World War had brought about, without counting the depredations of the "bandits." Funds received from abroad, latterly from the United States, which

AT NEW DELHI: THE FIRST ASIAN GAMES.



THE OPENING OF THE FIRST ASIAN GAMES IN NEW DELHI: A GENERAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE 470 COMPETITORS LINED UP IN FORMATION DURING THE CEREMONY.



FORMING UP TO MARCH PAST PANDIT NEHRU, THE PREMIER OF INDIA (WHITE CAP; IN FRONT OF SEMI-CIRCLE), IN THE NATIONAL STADIUM IN NEW DELHI: SOME OF THE TEAMS FROM THE ELEVEN NATIONS TAKING PART.



SHAKING HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF THE ASIAN GAMES FEDERATION: THE PRESIDENT OF INDIA, DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST ASIAN GAMES.

The first Asian Games (March 4-11) were inaugurated on March 2, when the teams of eleven countries—Afghanistan, Burma, Ceylon, Indonesia, Iran, Japan, Nepal, the Philippines, Singapore, Siam and India—formed up in the National Stadium in New Delhi to march past the Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru. The Japanese team of eighty athletes presented two salamanders, a pair of Mandarin ducks and two racoons to the Prime Minister on behalf of the Governor of Tokyo. Pakistan was not represented in the Games, but in February had held the Punjab Silver Jubilee Games in the Railway Stadium at Lahore. The President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, was present on the opening day of the Asian Games, and is shown in one of our photographs welcoming members of the Asian Games Federation.

AMERICAN FOOD AID TO YUGOSLAVIA.

In his article on the facing page Captain Cyril Falls, in discussing Yugoslavia, says: "She has approached the Atlantic Treaty Powers and obtained supplies, particularly food, from the United States. . . . She has lately let it be known that if the danger appeared to be becoming more acute she would be glad to receive arms also." The decision of the U.S. Congress to send 71,000,000 dollars-worth of food supplies to Yugoslavia has been put into effect with magnificent dispatch. A good instance of this is shown in the precision with which the E.C.A. (Economic Co-operation Administration) went to work to expedite the portion of the programme assigned to it. Within a matter of days E.C.A. was rushing in car-loads of flour from Germany and shiploads from Italy. So far, 200,000 tons of flour, beans, sugar, lard, canned meats and dried eggs have been delivered, and it is expected that the entire 603,000 tons appropriated will be in warehouses in Yugoslavia by April.



THE U.S. FOOD RELIEF PROGRAMME IN YUGOSLAVIA: ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION ADMINISTRATION OBSERVERS GETTING THEIR PASSPORTS CHECKED AT THE TRIESTE-YUGOSLAV BORDER.



SUPERVISING THE EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF U.S. FOOD IN YUGOSLAVIA: AN E.C.A. OBSERVER ARRIVES BY JEEP IN THE LARGELY MUSLIM VILLAGE OF BILECA.



WATCHING THE DISTRIBUTION OF DRIED EGGS TO LOCAL CONSUMERS: AN E.C.A. OBSERVER (RIGHT) IN THE CITY OF ZAGREB, CAPITAL OF CROATIA.



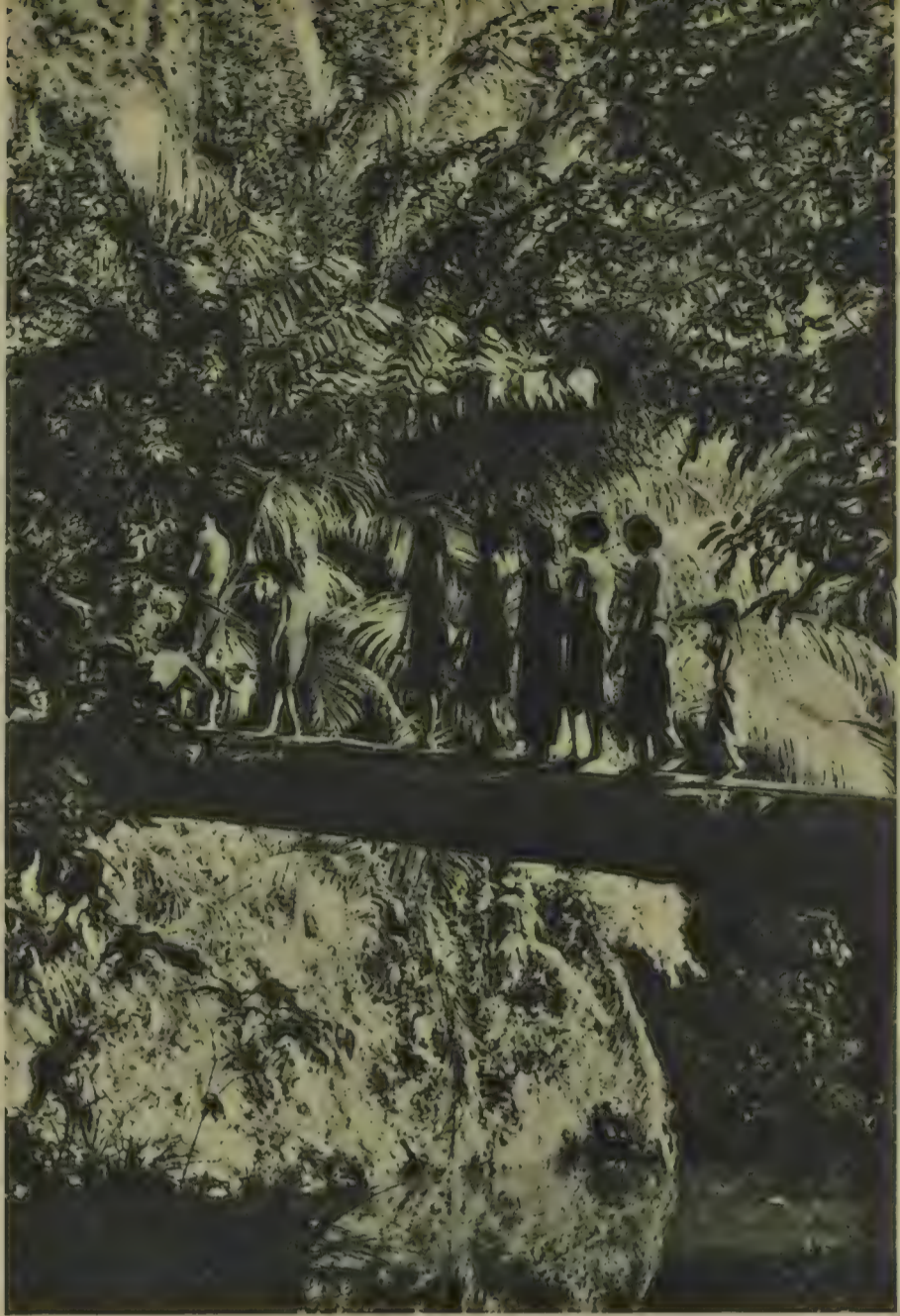
BATH-TIME FOR YOUNG SEA DAYAKS: MOST FAMILIES USE THE RIVER SHALLOWS.



LONGHOUSE MUSIC: THE GONGS IN THE TROUGH ARE PLAYED LIKE A XYLOPHONE.

FORMERLY HEAD-HUNTERS, NOW PEACEFUL AND LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS: SEA DAYAKS OF SARAWAK.

Sarawak, which occupies an area of some 47,000 square miles in British Borneo, was ceded to the British Crown in 1946 by Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, last British Rajah of Sarawak, whose ancestor, Sir James Brooke, had obtained the government in 1841 from the Sultan of Brunei. Mr. Anthony Brooke, nephew of Sir Charles Brooke, claimed that his uncle had no right to cede Sarawak to Britain, but on February 4 he stated that he was ending his anti-cession campaign. This act was praised as a "true and unselfish service to Sarawak" by the Commissioner-General for South-East Asia. Mr. Attlee, in a message to anti-cession associations



CROSSING A RIVER BY TREE-TRUNK BRIDGE: A FAMILY PARTY.



AN IBAN, OR SEA DAYAK, FISHING: AN UNUSUAL METHOD IS FOLLOWED.

in Sarawak, confirmed the British Government's "unqualified determination to guide and assist the people of Sarawak in their progress towards self-government within the British Commonwealth." The peaceful Ibans, or Sea Dayaks, who form part of the population of the country, were formerly head-hunters. Our photographs illustrate aspects of their life, including their unusual method of fishing. They stupefy fish with special bait and spear them with a rake-like implement as they rise to the surface. The Ibans' pattern of life is marked by a strong communal spirit and a strong tradition of hospitality.



SHOWING THE ROOF OF THE FOURTEEN-DOOR LONGHOUSE OF WHICH HE IS CHIEF: A LONGHOUSE LEADER OR TUAI RUMAH, WHO CONTROLS THE FAMILIES INHABITING IT.



ILLUSTRATING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A LONGHOUSE: EACH FAMILY BUILDS ITS OWN PRIVATE ROOM (LEFT), ITS SHARE OF THE COMMUNAL ROOM AND OF THE VERANDAH.

PRIMITIVE COMMUNAL LIFE IN SARAWAK, WHERE A WHITE RAJAH ONCE RULED: THE LONGHOUSE SYSTEM.

The Sea Dayaks, or Ibans of Sarawak, who form a large section of the population of the country, were formerly fierce pirates and head-hunters. They now lead quiet, law-abiding lives, cultivating *padi* or rice. The unit of Sea Dayak society is the longhouse, which is simply a stilt village under one long roof. Each family has a "door" or room, and owns a share of the communal apartment and the verandah. A longhouse may have from ten to sixty rooms or "doors." Each

longhouse selects its own head or Tuai Rumah to act as leader and settle any minor disputes which may arise, a system which would appear to be a good preparation for that self-government which it is hoped Sarawak will eventually achieve. The longhouses are not permanent structures, as the Ibans follow a shifting method of cultivation which the authorities are trying to discourage in favour of the scientific method of irrigated *padi*.

BRITISH TROOPS AND U.S. AIRCRAFT TAKE PART IN A JOINT AIRBORNE EXERCISE.



BRITISH PARACHUTE TROOPS ENTERING AN R.A.F. HANDLEY-PAGE HASTINGS TROOP TRANSPORT FOR A JOINT ANGLO-U.S. TRANSPORT SUPPORT EXERCISE.



JOINT AIR SUPPORT EXERCISES: A MASS DROP OF BRITISH PARACHUTE TROOPS FROM AN R.A.F. HASTINGS AND TWO U.S. FAIRCHILD PACK-PLANES.



REACHING GROUND IN THE LANDING AREA: THE THIRD STAGE IN THE EXERCISE, THE PREVIOUS STAGES BEING SHOWN IN THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ABOVE.

THE photographs on these two pages, besides their intrinsic interest, have an additional significance as illustrating a recent example in joint Anglo-U.S. military training. They were taken on March 6 at Watchfield, Berkshire, during the course of an exercise arranged by the School of Land-Air Warfare. It was a Transport Support exercise, in which aircraft of the R.A.F. Transport Command and of the U.S.A.F. 3rd Air Division dropped British parachute troops and their heavy equipment, to demonstrate how the two Air Forces could work together in airborne operations. The aircraft used were R.A.F. Handley-Page Hastings military transports and the U.S.A.F. C-52 (Fairchild Pack-plane). Among the interesting details shown in the photographs is the load comprising an assembled howitzer and its trailer. This would appear to be the U.S. 75-mm. pack howitzer. Immense numbers of this gun were made in the States and the type was designed to be

TRANSPORT DROPS TRANSPORT: A PACKAGED JEEP BEING DROPPED OVER THE "BATTLE" AREA FROM A U.S. FAIRCHILD PACK-PLANE IN AN EXERCISE IN BERKSHIRE.



AIR-TRANSPORTED ARTILLERY: COLLAPSING THE PARACHUTES OF A HOWITZER AND TRAILER DROPPED DURING THE EXERCISE. THE HOWITZER APPEARS TO BE THE U.S. 75-MM. PACK HOWITZER, READY ASSEMBLED.

ANGLO-AMERICAN CO-OPERATION IN AN AIRBORNE ASSAULT AND SUPPLY EXERCISE.



ANGLO-U.S. CO-OPERATION IN AIRBORNE TRAINING: BRITISH PARACHUTE TROOPS FILING INTO A U.S. TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT, A FAIRCHILD PACK-PLANE.



THE NEXT STAGE IN THE AIRBORNE ATTACK: AFTER THE GROUND IS SEIZED, IN COME THE SUPPLIES BY AIR, THEIR NATURES INDICATED BY THE PARACHUTE COLOURS.

broken into mule-pack loads. It was an important weapon in the Pacific islands and in Sicily, Italy and China. It was also largely used in airborne operations, when it was taken down and packed in special containers called "paracates," for dropping by parachute. The example seen in our photograph, however, has been dropped in the fully assembled state. A very interesting light on airborne operations like these was recently thrown by Air Vice-Marshal Sir F. Mellersh, in a lecture on the "Campaign against the Terrorists in Malaya," in which he discussed the R.A.F. role in this campaign and stated that "without air supply no jungle penetration would be possible." The way in which air supply has been developed was revealed by his statement that in 4,000 drops more than 6,000,000 lb. of supplies had been delivered and that, despite the heavy thunderstorms and misty conditions only 1½ per cent. of the supplies dropped had gone astray.

The World of the Theatre.

WARS AND WASSAILINGS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

EARLY in "The Dynasts," one stage-coach passenger on a Wessex ridge says to another—the time is March, 1805—"People who live hereabouts feel the nearness of France more than they do inland." And a little later, a spectator at King George's review on that "ridge-like down near the coast" in South Wessex, observes: "What a time we do live in, between wars and wassailings, the goblin o' Boney, and King George in flesh and blood."

All of these people, and others, are mad sou'-sou'-west, and always endearingly so. The more serious scenes are the trouble. Mr. Whiting's blinded soldier, who wants to find the King and to stop the war, is off the note: Christopher Fry would have managed this better. Ronald Howard acts the part delicately. That is the word also for Virginia McKenna as the

best of the young producers makes rings round the moon. Emmett's set of a lawn before a little Georgian house, with the line of the Channel in the distance, is a beguiling picture; we are shown how Peter Brook can light a play, both in the glow of morning against the sky's blue arch, and at night when this lawn is shadowed and the moon is rising after the fury and the heat. It is only a little piece, a nonsensical piece; yet there is grace in its nonsense, style in its ordering; I do not see why it should be damned when much rougher and cruder stuff is allowed free passage.

Earlier than this, another dramatist had taken me to another war: to the blitz of 1940-41 in the East End of London. Yvonne Mitchell, in the van of the younger actresses, has written in "Here Choose I" (done at the Nottingham Playhouse) a quiet and just study of an East End Jewish family whose daughter marries out of the faith. It is, more particularly, a study of the girl herself, warm and loyal and acted loyally at Nottingham by Ursula O'Leary. There is no fluff-and-dither in this play, a quick thrust at the emotions, written (as it was performed) with sincerity. I was glad to be in Nottingham again, to see a windtorn sunset sky over the vale of Trent, and at night to find so responsive an audience for so finished a repertory performance under André van Gysegheem.

The worth of many repertory productions would surprise some metropolitan playgoers who are dubious about anything that happens outside Central London. At Guildford the other night I heard verse-speaking in a play by another actor-dramatist,—a "Hamlet" produced by Roger Winton and Kay Gardner—that would have been a lesson for some Shakespearians of renown. Laurence Payne had probed the character of Hamlet; this performance will develop. He spoke with a fine crisp certainty. The same could be said of Robert Marsden, here fusing craftily the attributes of the Claudius who "takes his rouse, keeps wassail," and the regal statesman. I shall not forget these actors.

Alas, I am unlikely to remember the O.U.D.S.



"MOON-CAST NONSENSE IN THE GOLDEN HEAT OF A SUMMER DAY IN DORSET": "A PENNY FOR A SONG" AT THE HAYMARKET, SHOWING SIR TIMOTHY BELLBOYS (ALAN WEBB) DISGUISED AS NAPOLEON, AND WILLIAM HUMPAGE (GEORGE ROSE) SITTING PATIENTLY IN HIS TREE SCANNING THE DISTANT CHANNEL FOR SIGNS OF THE INVASION. THE YEAR IS 1804; AND THE DISTINCTIVE DÉCOR IS BY EMMETT OF PUNCH.

"A Penny for a Song," by Mr. John Whiting, a young actor, is described by our critic as "a frivol on the Dorset cliffs during the period of Napoleon's threatened invasion: it is beautifully acted, set (by Emmett) and produced (by Peter Brook)." Our photograph shows a scene from the play with (l. to r.) Hallam Matthews (Ronald Squire); Pippin (Joy Rodgers—on the balcony); Samuel Breeze (Dennis Cannan); Sir Timothy Bellboys (Alan Webb); Hester Bellboys (Marie Löhr); William Humpage (George Rose—in tree); and Dorcas Bellboys (Virginia McKenna).

Wars and wassailings: a nice phrase and fitted to the theatre of the last week or so. At the premiere of "A Penny for a Song" (Haymarket), I was thinking—oddly, no doubt—of Hardy and wondering what he would have made of the piece that John Whiting calls a farcical comedy, though I should be inclined to describe it as a fantastic charade: moon-cast nonsense in the golden heat of a summer day in Dorset, a once-upon-a-time Dorset, alleged to be that of the year 1804, with the goblin o' Boney likely to declare himself at any moment. "Is't not fine," Mr. Whiting quotes from the anonymous song, "to dance and sing When the bells of death do ring?"

Hardy might have found this type of "mummery-show" perplexing. In the modern theatre it is a blithe freak of fancy. John Whiting (a young actor) has been rebuked gravely for failing to write a coherent play, and for indulging in schoolboyish humours; but I can think of several other pieces of far less charm and invention that have been received with reverence. The humours of "A Penny for a Song" are often whimsical. Whimsicality is unpopular now: it is usually clipped to whimsy, a word that goes with a sniff.

What I enjoy in John Whiting's play is the good temper of it all: it has the lightness (in a phrase booked by Mr. Priestley) of a summer day's dream. Here—I take the risk of writing this in the present tense—here is an unfortunate fellow skied all day on the limb of a tree to scan the blue streak of the Channel for Boney's threatening sail. A most distinguished colleague has asked why the fellow should be up a tree when a roof is handy; I answer that this is fantasy unashamed: Reason is not one of the jurymen. Here, too, is a wild-eyed squire, with an intermittent gush of dog-French, who proposes to take the invaders from behind in the guise of Boney himself. Here is his single-minded brother, burning to quench any local fire, and in charge of a fire-engine that Emmett has designed in a manner to please the gentle shade of Heath Robinson. Here is an urbane visitor with a philosophic mind, and here a genial personage who splits his time between cricket and the local Fencibles.

girl of the house who is with him during a long summer day; but the scenes are not worked into the texture of the piece. We are safer when an impish spirit guides Mr. Whiting; when he lets a balloon float decoratively into mid-stage, or sends a couple of cannon-balls trickling through a garden gate which someone asks peevishly to be closed. The invasion background may be serious enough; this play uses it for amiable laughter: all is so remote, so far in the friendly haze of a Never-Never world, that we do not—or should not—take the comedy as more than an excellent jest.

The company flips off the joke with the proper lightness and, at the same time, with the correct air of absorption in its business. Mr. Whiting can be grateful for the raging enthusiasm of Alan Webb (up in his bonny balloon), the so-prim determination of Denys Blakelock, Ronald Squire's creaminess, and the satin-lined contralto of Marie Löhr, though the dramatist could have enlarged the part of a potential sergeant-major in the Amazons. George Rose is patiently up his tree. Basil Radford bustles in halfway through the action, and before the evening is over we learn something about Wessex cricket in 1804: all we need is the presence of Naughton Wayne. The cast, in its atmosphere of wars and wassailings, has been directed inspiringly by Peter Brook; again the



"A SWIFT AND WITTIPLY-HANDLED REVIVAL": "MAN AND SUPER-MAN," BY BERNARD SHAW, AT THE NEW THEATRE. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS KAY HAMMOND AS ANN WHITEFIELD IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WHICH IS PRODUCED BY JOHN CLEMENTS, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF JOHN TANNER.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HAMLET" (Guildford Repertory).—A bold adventure, notable for the Hamlet of Laurence Payne and for Robert Marsden's King. (February 12.)
 "HERE CHOOSE I" (Nottingham Playhouse).—Yvonne Mitchell's plain and touching anecdote—by now a period piece—of the East End during 1940-41. It was acted with appreciation by the repertory cast. (February 19.)
 "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (Embassy).—An unpretentious revival marked by Megs Jenkins's clear simplicity as the Welsh servant. (February 20.)
 "BETWEEN FIVE AND SEVEN" (New Lindsey).—A thin, false comedy from the French, performed for the most part with a gallant desperation. Lally Bowers and John Witty were more successful than the others. (February 21.)
 RALPH SLATER (London Coliseum).—A hypnotic display that made me glad to get into St. Martin's Lane without being forced to shout "Peanuts!" from the middle of the stalls. (February 26.)
 "THE DUCHESS OF MALFI" (O.U.D.S., Oxford).—Webster's tragedy, though well staged and grouped, suffered because the young cast could not deal with the thunder-pall of the verse. (February 27.)
 "A PENNY FOR A SONG" (Haymarket).—I imagine that you will either like John Whiting's play extremely or not at all. It is a frivol on the Dorset cliffs during the period of Napoleon's threatened invasion: it is beautifully acted, set (by Emmett) and produced (by Peter Brook). I say "Aye," but everything will rest on your personal sense of humour. (March 1.)

for its version of "The Duchess of Malfi." I have seen exciting things at Oxford; but this revival, with an exception or two—the Ferdinand of Hugh Dickson and the Julia of José Richard—was dully spoken: a grave dug for the dramatist who has been called the First Gravedigger of his age. With the cast so patently at odds with the looming verse, the play dragged; we had time to reflect upon the vagaries of the plot, something that should never happen when John Webster is keeping his watch with us in a stifling midnight. It was very strange to pass from this charnel-tragedy of the Renaissance to Mr. Whiting's idea of the "wars and wassailings" of the year 1804.

A SPARKLING AMERICAN MUSICAL COMES TO TOWN: "KISS ME, KATE."



THE PLAY WITHIN THE PLAY: A JUDICIOUS BURLESQUE OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" IN THE AMERICAN MUSICAL, "KISS ME, KATE," SHOWING THE PADUA SCENE WITH PETRUCHIO (BILL JOHNSON; LEFT) BOASTING OF THE WAY IN WHICH HE WILL TAME KATHARINE (PATRICIA MORISON; RIGHT CENTRE).



A GAY AND VIGOROUS COMEDY, WITH HAUNTING LYRICS AND MUSIC BY COLE PORTER: "KISS ME, KATE," SHOWING THE FINALE IN WHICH KATHARINE (PATRICIA MORISON) AND PETRUCHIO (BILL JOHNSON) MAKE UP THEIR DIFFERENCES.

The much-talked-of American musical, "Kiss Me, Kate," opened in London at the Coliseum on March 8, and already the barometer appears to be "set fair" for a very long run, for it seems that here is another show that will be as popular on this side of the Atlantic as in the United States. The book, by Sam and Bella Spewack, is about a leading actor and actress who, a year after their divorce, come together as Petruchio and Katharine in a musical

version of "The Taming of the Shrew" and thereupon conduct a row which gets entangled with Shakespeare's. There are sixteen scenes, any amount of dancing, gay settings and costumes, and haunting tunes and lyrics by Cole Porter. Miss Patricia Morison plays the lead, very ably supported by Mr. Bill Johnson. Miss Julie Wilson, who plays Bianca, also received a well-deserved ovation on the first night.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TURNER'S GENIUS: WATER-COLOURS



"BATH ABBEY, 1791": A DRAWING BY JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A., MADE WHEN HE WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE. HIS EARLIEST KNOWN DRAWING WAS MADE WHEN HE WAS NINE.



"THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BURNING": THIS WATER-COLOUR DRAWING, IN WHICH TURNER HAS MADE DECORATIVE USE OF THE JETS OF WATER FROM THE HOSES, WAS MADE AT THE TIME OF THE CONFLAGRATION, OCTOBER 16, 1834, OR SHORTLY AFTER.



"RICHMOND BRIDGE THROUGH THE TREES AT TWICKENHAM," FROM ONE OF THE THAMES SKETCH BOOKS. MUCH OF TURNER'S BEST WORK, C. 1824, WAS DONE FOR "THE RIVERS OF ENGLAND" AND "HISTORY OF RICHMOND SHIRE."



"OLD KEW BRIDGE," ONE OF THE MANY VIEWS OF THE RIVER WHICH TURNER MADE IN HIS SERIES OF "THAMES SKETCH BOOKS," CHARACTERISTIC OF THE BEAUTY OF THE STYLE OF HIS MATURITY.



"PAESTUM, A STORM": A BRILLIANT SKETCH IN WHICH THE GREAT THUNDER-CLOUDS, THE LIGHTNING FLASH AND THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE ARE SKILFULLY COMBINED.

The genius of Joseph Mallord William Turner is essentially English, and the fact that his centenary (he died on December 19, 1851) falls in the Festival of Britain year makes the occasion highly appropriate for exhibitions in his honour. In our issue of February 10 we reproduced drawings shown in a Turner Centenary Loan Exhibition of finished water-colour drawings from private collections. On these pages we give twelve from the special exhibition, "Water-colours by J. M. W. Turner, his Predecessors and Contemporaries," in the Prints and Drawings Room of the British Museum, which opened this week. The Turners on view have been selected from the Museum's very large collection of his works, and from drawings in the



"PARIS; FROM THE BARRIÈRE DE PASSY": A WORK OF TURNER'S MIDDLE PERIOD, REMARKABLE FOR ITS DELICACY AND THE BEAUTIFUL DISTANCE.

Turner Bequest, now housed in the British Museum, to illustrate the development of his art; and those of his predecessors and contemporaries have been chosen to enable visitors to study drawings by artists who influenced or were influenced by Turner, and to compare his work with theirs. J. M. W. Turner, who was born in 1775, was a barber's son. He showed precocious talent, and his earliest known drawing—of Margate Church—was made when he was nine years old. It is recorded that at his first school he devoted his energies to drawing trees and poultry rather

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OF HIS VARIOUS PERIODS IN A CENTENARY EXHIBITION.



(ABOVE) "THE WORKING AFTER THE FIRE AT THE PANTHEON, 1792": THE PANTHEON, OXFORD STREET, USED FOR CONCERTS AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS, WAS PUT UP AT THE COST OF £50,000, ORDERED IN 1774, BURNED DOWN IN 1792, AND RE-ERECTED LATER.



"CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, 1794": A WORK OF TURNER'S MIDDLE PERIOD. HE BECAME AN A.R.A. IN 1799, AND AN R.A. IN 1802.



(RIGHT) "VENICE," A CHARACTERISTIC TURNER WATER-COLOUR IMPRESSION. HE FIRST VISITED ITALY IN 1819, AND WAS THERE AGAIN IN 1828. THE DECORATIVE USE MADE OF THE ARC OF THE FURNACE RECALLS THAT OF THE JETS OF WATER IN THE BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

"A STREAM OVERSHED WITH TREES," A LOVELY DRAWING WHICH TURNER MADE IN ONE OF HIS "THAMES SKETCH BOOKS." THE RIVERSIDE SCENERY OF RICHMOND INSPIRED HIM FREQUENTLY.



"THE BILLIARDS PLAYERS," ONE OF THE SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES OF THE INTERIORS OF PETWORTH WHICH TURNER MADE C. 1831, SHOWING HIS "IMPRESSIONIST" MANNER.



"THE LIBRARY, PETWORTH": ONE OF THE SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES OF THE INTERIORS OF THE NOBLE MANSION IN SUSSEX WHICH TURNER MADE C. 1831.

than to doing sums, and when still a boy, copies of engravings he had made were put up for sale in the window of his father's shop. He became a student of the R.A. in 1789, an A.R.A. in 1799, and an R.A. in 1802. The drawing of the Pantheon was one of the earliest he exhibited at the Royal Academy. Turner travelled widely in England and Wales to find landscape subjects. He made his first tour on the Continent during the armistice of 1802, and visited Italy in 1819, and again in 1828. His first sight of Venice inspired him greatly and gave further impetus to his

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outstanding gifts as a colourist. The architectural exactitude of Turner's early work recalls that he was Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy (an appointment which forms a remarkable commentary on the fact that when a youth he was dismissed from the studio of Thos. Malton, Jr., architect, for his incapacity to learn perspective). In later life Turner became increasingly interested in the effect of light and in capturing fleeting impressions of mist, sunlight, steam or smoke, and other atmospheric changes. Much of the beauty of his work lies in his genius as a colourist.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOME months ago I caught sight of a version of the etching illustrated in Fig. 1 in a dingy bookshop in the provinces, and for a moment thought that perhaps I had stumbled upon an etching by Rembrandt, for among Rembrandt subjects this is probably as well known and as much admired as any. The owner seemed to have no doubts about it, and was inclined to take offence at my hesitancy. His sales-talk was a model of its kind. The thing was heavily framed and the edges were not visible—indeed, the frame came down nearly to the signature in the top left-hand corner. A cardboard mount—modern—prevented me from examining the paper at the back. The price asked was formidable, and the condition generally was very poor; I didn't think the paper was seventeenth century, and I hadn't any money to spare—all of which seemed to me to provide adequate reasons for leaving it where it was. I forgot all about it for a long time and then I suddenly remembered what I ought to have known immediately: this was a very poor version of an eighteenth-century imitation, not intended to deceive, but a tribute by a very great engraver to the Prince of Dutch artists. My Fig. 1 is a splendid example sold at Christie's in 1936, when it was an item in the famous print collection formed over a period of thirty years by Mr. Martin Erdmann, of New York. Its author is Richard Earlom (1743-1822), whose name is famous for his mezzotints after paintings by Sir Joshua and others, but whose echoes of Rembrandt, unless I am greatly mistaken, are very much out of fashion. Beginners might do worse than look for them—this, for example, and "An Old Lady" and "A Woman Plucking a Fowl."

If your purse is slender, why pursue the very expensive? When one surveys the vast field of English eighteenth-century painting and the enormous number of prints which popularised it before the days of photography, one is tempted to imagine that a man of Rembrandt's quality was not appreciated—his world must have seemed a little old-fashioned. Here is a story which I told on this page in November, 1933,

and which may be fresh to a new generation which has heard of Van Meegeren and his gigantic, impudent hoax, but not of the agreeable Benjamin Wilson who scored so neatly off a famous pundit of his generation.

Thomas Hudson was the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to-day is remembered chiefly for that reason. But he was a good, solid, if rather dull, painter in his own right, with a very proper admiration for greater men. His collection of Old Master drawings was the finest in England, and his judgment was regarded as final. Wilson (not to be confused with the landscapist Richard Wilson) was semi-scientist, semi-painter and a very lively character indeed, and he told the story to Benjamin West, more or less like this: "Hudson maintained upon all occasions that no one could etch like Rembrandt: here he was right; that no one could deceive him and that he could always discover an imitation of Rembrandt directly he saw it: wherein I maintained he was wrong. To prove this I one evening scratched a landscape and took a dirty impression of it to a man who sold books and prints upon the pavement in St. Martin's Lane, and, after endeavouring to cry down Rembrandt, showed him the impression, for which he offered to give me a fine Vandyke head. As the fellow caught the bait, the next day I called to look at some more of Vandyke heads when he observed that he had sold the Rembrandt, but I could not obtain from him the name of the purchaser."

"However, it turned out just as I expected. Hudson was showing it about to his friends as a rare Rembrandt, not at all described in the Catalogue. He admired it beyond anything he

possessed. When I told Hogarth of this 'D—n it,' said he, 'let us expose the fat-headed fellow.' I took the hint, and without telling anyone what I meant to do, invited Hogarth and others to meet Hudson at supper. Before the cold sirloin was carried in, I stuck it full of skewers charged with impressions." West asked what Hogarth said. "He!—an impudent dog! He did nothing but laugh the whole evening—Hudson never forgave me for it."

If you come across this landscape—and it is a very nice thing indeed—you will see etched in the top left-hand corner (this was done, of course, by Wilson himself after his successful supper-party): "A proof-print from this plate, designed and etched by B. Wilson, was sold as a very fine Rembrandt to one of the greatest Connoisseurs for Six Shillings the 17 April, 1751."

It occurs to me that the term "impression" as used above may require a little further explanation, for not everyone is familiar with the jargon of sale-catalogues. The word means any particular print, but it is important to bear in mind that the number of impressions which can be made from a plate varies in proportion to the breadth or fineness of the handling of the subject. A copper plate deeply cut or etched, with the design treated

broadly, could easily provide several hundred impressions, each of them as clear and well defined as its neighbour. But if the design is composed of delicate lines or very fine cross-hatching, far fewer good impressions are obtainable, because the metal is gradually worn down and the lines become faint. When the technique used depends



FIG. 1. NOT INTENDED TO DECEIVE: A PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT ETCHED BY RICHARD EARLOM (1743-1822) AS A TRIBUTE BY A VERY GREAT ENGRAVER TO THE PRINCE OF DUTCH ARTISTS.

This is a splendid example of an eighteenth-century etching by Richard Earlom, of a portrait of Rembrandt, not intended to deceive, but a tribute by a very great eighteenth-century English engraver to the Prince of Dutch artists. Earlom was famous for his mezzotints after paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds and others.

largely upon burred edges—as in mezzotint—the plate would show signs of deterioration much earlier. So early impressions will be much finer than later, and that is why print collectors are always on the look-out for trial proofs made before the title was added below, or very early impressions.

Another word which needs definition is "state." This refers to the stages of development of the engraving. The artist will inevitably take proofs of his work as he goes along, and he may very well make modifications after one edition (*i.e.*, a series of impressions) has been published. This is the meaning of the term "1st state," "2nd state," and your dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast will not be content until he possesses fine early impressions of each of the known "states." So don't imagine that every print of a famous subject you come across is a treasure—it may be merely a poor, weak ghost. You will soon discover the difference when you compare it with an early impression.

I began by writing about an eighteenth-century tribute to Rembrandt. Here in Fig. 2 is another—this time by Valentine Green (1739-1813), and carried out in mezzotint—a splendid trial proof. It was thought in those days to be a portrait of Prince Rupert, who was himself an accomplished mezzotinter and, though not the inventor of the process which was destined to become peculiarly English, was the first to use it with the breadth and vigour of the genuine artist.

The eighteenth century was not very critical in such matters: the portrait is not of Rupert, but of Rembrandt as a young man. Attempts to prove that the Prince was in fact the inventor of mezzotinting have been entirely unconvincing, and the honour must be given to a certain Ludwig von Siegen.



FIG. 2. A SPLENDID TRIAL PROOF OF A MEZZOTINT BY VALENTINE GREEN, A.R.A. (1739-1813), OF A REMBRANDT PORTRAIT: IT WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED AS A REPRESENTATION OF PRINCE RUPERT.

This mezzotint by Valentine Green (1739-1813) was at one time thought to be after a portrait of Prince Rupert, himself an accomplished mezzotinter, but it is actually a representation of Rembrandt himself as a young man.



(ABOVE.) LATE EXAMPLES OF DELLA ROBBIA WARE: ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA'S "BOY WITH BAGPIPES". (RIGHT), PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND GIOVANNI DELLA ROBBIA'S "EPIPHANY" (IN NICHE).

RENAISSANCE ART NOW SPACIOUSLY DISPLAYED, IN REOPENED VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM ROOMS.



WITH, AT THE END OF THE VISTA, ANDREA FERRUCCI'S MARBLE ALTAR FROM SAN GUILIAMO, FIESOLE: A VIEW FROM THE ROOM CONTAINING EXAMPLES OF NORTH ITALIAN SCULPTURE, METALWORK AND GLASS.

THE vast task of rearrangement and rehabilitation of the Victoria and Albert Museum is being ably tackled by the Director and his staff, and visitors will find that the manner in which the treasures of late Gothic and Early Renaissance art in England, France, the Netherlands, Spain and Germany, and of the Renaissance in Italy, are displayed in the seventeen newly rearranged and recently reopened galleries, makes it easy to appreciate their splendour and study their detail. These rooms, reopened last week, contain part of what are called the Museum's Primary Collections, in which the finest works of art in all mediums are shown in a consecutive series illustrating the history of style. Their opening marks the first occasion on which Renaissance objects from all departments have been displayed together. Our photographs give an idea of the spaciousness of the arrangement.

(RIGHT.) TREASURES OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CONTINENTAL ART: THE OBJECTS SHOWN INCLUDE A TAPESTRY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE FROM A CARTOON BY PERINO DEL VAGA, A MARBLE CUPID ATTRIBUTED TO MICHELANGELO, AND BRONZES AND METALWORK.



WORKS OF ART FROM VARIOUS COUNTRIES, INCLUDING THE FRENCH SIXTEENTH-CENTURY STAINED-GLASS WINDOW OF THE LAST SUPPER, GRACIOUSLY LENT BY H.M. THE KING, A METALWORK GATE AND A COLLECTION OF SPANISH CHURCH PLATE.



ILLUSTRATING THE MAIN USES OF GLAZED EARTHENWARE AND TERRACOTTA DURING THE RENAISSANCE: A ROOM CONTAINING MAIOLICA PAVEMENT FROM THE PALACE OF PANDOLFO PETRUCCI, TYRANT OF SIENA (d. 1514), AND DELLA ROBBIA WORK.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN discussing parlour plants it is only right that I should open the proceedings with a few kind words about that gallant old warrior *Aspidistra elatior*—to give the

plant its full Latin name. And they shall not be the usual words of derision. We are all far too snobbish and superior about the aspidistra, and at the same time are we not just a little tired of the threadbare, overworked pantomime jokes about the plant? Miss Gracie Fields is the only person who, in recent years, has sung the praises of aspidistra with adequate gusto and enthusiasm. The trouble with this parlour paragon of a plant is that it is too long-suffering, too patient in adversity. It will live and grow, and more or less flourish, in dreary, sunless rooms in town surroundings that would drive any other plant to suicide. Because it will do this, and because most folk will and must have some living, growing, green thing about the house, the aspidistra has become the hall-mark of town dreariness. By association of ideas, we have come to regard the plant itself as dreary. It would be interesting to know what was felt and thought and written about *Aspidistra elatior* during the first ten years after its introduction to this country from Japan in 1835. Regarded and described as a new plant, without prejudice or the later association of ideas, it was probably hailed as exactly what it is—a handsome, elegant thing.

Half-a-century ago I lived in "digs" for three years in the city of York. I never stayed more than a few months in any one lot of "digs"—except the last one. By this means I always enjoyed the "new broom" benefits of a landlady on her best behaviour, behaviour which invariably deteriorated after a month or two. At the same time I enjoyed a change of catering, and a change of aspidistras. All my rooms had aspidistras—except the last ones, and I learnt quite a lot about the plant. I even saw it flowering on one occasion. Few people seem to realise that aspidistras flower. But they do. And a strange flower it is. About thumb-nail size, purplish and olive-greenish, if I remember right, and resembling some small, rather complicated sea-anemone. It nestles, almost stemless, amid the mulch of spent matches and cigarette-ends that surround the plant. I found that a landlady's aspidistras formed a useful index to her *ménage*. If the leaves were tall and lustrous, with the brown tips of the older ones neatly trimmed off with scissors, I knew that all would be well, at any rate for a time. If they were dusty and stunted it was as well to try elsewhere. The last "digs"—which I occupied for nearly a year—were kept by the Archbishop's butler and his wife. There were no aspidistras. The rooms were too sunny to need them, and anyway, things were done with an air, an air which such a lodging-house plant would have sullied. The catering was a marvel, of a positively Archiepiscopal standard.

In those far-off days I invented an entirely new game. It was called "Aspidistras." This, briefly, is how it is played. Two players, or teams of players, walk through the streets of any town in which aspidistras are abundant in the front windows. One player, or team, takes the left-hand side of the street, and the other player the right, and they score according to the aspidistras viewed. A plain green aspidistra in a plain earthen pot in a ground-floor window takes

PARLOUR PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

one point. A variegated specimen counts two. A plant standing in an ornamental china pot is pointed higher still, and extra marks are awarded for pots standing on wool mats, and so on. Aspidistras in upper windows are marked on a still higher level, and a variegated specimen in an ornamental pot on a wool mat in an upper window is game and set, grand slam, finish.

healthy and happy enough to give their owners pleasure are comparatively few in number. But they are immensely valuable to gardenless flat-dwellers. Next to the aspidistra, the indiarubber-plant, *Ficus elastica*, is probably

the most popular all-time room plant. It is a handsome shrub, with its big, shining green, leathery leaves, a foot or more long, and 5 or 6 ins. wide. Usually it is grown with a single stem, but I have a feeling that it might be more interesting and picturesque if cut down fairly low, and induced to send up several stems. In Sweden they grow a rubber plant with fiddle-shaped leaves, which struck me as handsome, and a pleasant change from the one grown here.

The common ivy makes an excellent room plant, and will flourish surprisingly well with little or no direct light. But in this country it is very seldom used in this way. A case probably of a prophet in his own country. Too common. In the U.S.A., on the other hand, it is grown as a house plant with great success. I saw it in many homes, planted in a pot, and trained up strings to garland parlour walls, and very attractive it looked. In America, ivy has the advantage of being *not* a native, and *not* hardy in most parts of the country; in fact, it qualifies to join the exclusive society of exotics, and so is appreciated on that account, as well as for its very real beauty and charm.

I can imagine there being one snag to the cultivation of ivy as a room plant, and that would be the task of keeping the leaves fresh and dust-free, for dust-free they would certainly have to be kept. Sponging individually the leaves on a garland of ivy several yards long might prove a long and tedious job of work. The better way might be to unhitch the string by which the ivy was trained up the wall, carry the whole issue, plant, pot and all, to the bathroom, and turn on the shower. Or one could stand it out in the rain. Incidentally, the roots by which the ivy clings to a wall or a tree-trunk—they are called "adventitious" roots—are not the same as the roots by which the plant feeds in the ground. It is no use peeling a young shoot of ivy from a wall and regarding it as a ready-rooted cutting. Those roots are useless to the cutting. But it is not difficult to induce a cutting to put out authentic feeding roots.

A very popular parlour plant in the U.S.A. is the so-called African violet, *Saintpaulia ionantha*. Here it is sometimes grown by people who have heated greenhouses, and occasionally one sees specimens in florists' shops. So popular is it in the U.S.A. that there is an American Saintpaulia Society. Whether they manage to grow the plant permanently and all the year round in their centrally-heated rooms, I do not know. I

have tried it here, and kept it healthy and full of flowers over a long summer season in a living-room. But when winter comes, *Saintpaulia* dies with me. Whether it dislikes the quality or the paucity of the heat that comes from an open fire, I do not know. It is a charming dwarf plant, with rounded leaves of soft velvety texture, and mullein-like flowers of an intense violet-purple, carried on stems only a few inches high.

There are many more good parlour plants, some few of which I will discuss in my next article.



THE FIRST ENGLISH PORTRAIT OF THE ASPIDISTRA: A REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL PRINT OF *ASPIDISTRA LURIDA*, "THE DINGY-FLOWERED ASPIDISTRA," IN THE BOTANICAL REGISTER OF 1822.

It is strange to think that the Aspidistra, or "Landlady's Lily"—for liliaceous it is—is a flower of the Regency; but the drawing we reproduce was made in 1822 "in the hot-house of Messrs. Colville in the King's Road, Chelsea, where the plant is presumed to be a native of some tropical country; but of the place whence or the time when introduced nothing seems known that can be relied on." A similar obscurity hangs over the question whether *A. lurida* is synonymous with *A. elatior*. If so, *lurida* is the name to be preferred, quite apart from the accuracy of its description of the flower. As regards its native origin, there are several species, hailing for the most part from Japan, China and the Himalayas—although even to-day it would seem more at home in—the King's Road, Chelsea.

Roughly, parlour plants are of two kinds. Those which may be, and are, grown always and all the time in a room, and those which spend part of their time in the open air, or in a frame or greenhouse, and are only brought into the house for longer or shorter spells. But there is a third category—plants such as cyclamen, cinerarias, Cape heaths and azaleas—which are bought in bud or in flower, from a florist's shop, retained for the duration of their flowering, and then consigned to the dust-bin. Plants which will live permanently in a room, year after year, and look

GLAMOROUS FLOWERS FROM THE FINEST ORCHID SHOW FOR FORTY YEARS.



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING FLOWERS OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ORCHID SHOW SINCE BEFORE 1914: THE YELLOW AND CRIMSON *CYMBIDIUM* X "RAMESES."



LIKE *CYMBIDIUM* X "RAMESES" (LEFT), THIS LOVELY FLOWER *CYMBIDIUM* X "RUNNYMEDE," WON A FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE. BOTH WERE RAISED BY MR. H. W. B. SCHRODER.



MANY *CYPRIPEDIUMS* WERE SHOWN; AND THIS VARIETY, *C. X* "MOMAG," WON AN AWARD OF MERIT.



LIKE A BUTTERFLY IN FLIGHT: *ONCIDIUM PAPILIO* (LEFT FOREGROUND) SEEMS TO APPROACH A SHIMMERING SPRAY OF *ODONTODAS*.



A NOVELTY WHICH WON AN AWARD OF MERIT: *CYPRIPEDIUM* X "WINSTON CHURCHILL."



(ABOVE.) A VIEW OF PART OF THE SHOW, SHOWING (RIGHT) MR. SCHRODER'S DISPLAY OF *CYMBIDIUMS* AND (LEFT) MESSRS. SANDERS' CIRCULAR STAND. (PICTURE, RIGHT) A HUGE SPRAY OF *COELOGYNE* BLOOMS.

ON March 6 and 7 the British Orchid Growers' Association, in conjunction with the Royal Horticultural Society, for the first time staged a show in the Old Hall at Westminster entirely devoted to orchids. Her Majesty the Queen visited the show on March 6, and also honoured with her presence the concurrent spring flower show of the R.H.S. in the New Hall. The orchid show has been described as the most magnificent galaxy of orchids seen in one building since before the 1914-18 war. As might be expected for the time of year, cymbidiums, odontodas, and cypripediums were the chief types shown; and the four First Class Certificates awarded went to cymbidiums—"Ethel Ward," from Messrs. Ferrari, of San Francisco; "Claudona, var. Rajah," from MacBean's Orchids, Ltd.; and "Rameses" and "Runnymede," both shown by Mr. H. W. B. Schroder, of Englefield Green. The champion orchid of the show was a plant of *Cymbidium* x "Inamorata, Exbury var.," shown by Mr. E. de Rothschild; and the MacBean Memorial Trophy was also won by Mr. de Rothschild, with a group of twenty-five cymbidiums.



A BRAKE ON THE UNITED NATIONS' OFFENSIVE: SNOW GIVES WAY TO MUD IN KOREA.



TRUDGING THROUGH THE MUD ON A VISIT TO A U.S. MARINE COMMAND POST: LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY, EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER, IN THE WONJU-HOENGSONG SECTOR.



(ABOVE.) RISKING A DUCKING IN THE ICY RIVER: U.S. MARINES CROSSING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE NEAR HOENGSONG, A FORM OF TIGHT-ROPE WALKING WHERE A SLIP MEANS DISASTER.



AT the time of writing, the United Nations' offensive has pushed the front line to within 25 miles of the 38th Parallel. Progress has been slow but steady, and the terrain has proved to be a much greater factor in limiting the rate of advance than the enemy. The snows of winter have been followed by vast areas of deep and sticky mud which are churned into quagmires by the ceaseless stream of traffic of all kinds moving up to the front. Supplies are bogged down and the movement of armoured vehicles and artillery is hampered. Some of the photographs on this page illustrate this aspect of the war, and were taken in the Wonju-Hoengsong area, where British Commonwealth troops recently advanced six miles and occupied three hill positions dominating Hongchon.

(LEFT.) PLOUGHING THROUGH THE CHURNED-UP MUD ON THE BANKS OF A KOREAN RIVER: VEHICLES OF THE U.S. 1ST MARINE DIVISION IN THE WONJU-HOENGSONG SECTOR DURING THE UNITED NATIONS' ADVANCE.



DIGGING OUT A SUPPLY LORRY STUCK FAST IN A SEA OF MUD: AN INCIDENT DURING THE U.N. ADVANCE WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE NATURAL HAZARDS ENCOUNTERED.



ILLUSTRATING THE QUALITY OF THE COUNTRY AND THE QUALITY OF THE MEN WHO FIGHT IN IT: AUSTRALIAN TROOPS CLIMBING UP A SNOWY HILLSIDE IN KOREA.



THE ONLY PRACTICAL MEANS OF SUPPLY WHEN KOREAN ROADS BECAME QUAGMIRES: A C-119 FLYING BOXCAR DROPPING VITAL COMBAT SUPPLIES BY PARACHUTE NEAR THE FRONT LINE.



DESTROYING A LINK IN THE COMMUNIST RAIL NETWORK IN THE NORTH-WEST SECTOR: BOMBS FROM B-29 SUPERFORTRESSES BURSTING ON TWIN RAILROAD BRIDGES.

ASPECTS OF AIR POWER IN KOREA: SUPPLYING FRONT-LINE TROOPS AND DISRUPTING THE ENEMY'S SUPPLIES.

On the facing page we illustrate a new feature of the war in Korea—the sea of mud which now covers many of the roads and, churned by hundreds of wheels, forms quagmires in which supply vehicles sink to their axles. Yet food and ammunition must reach the men in the front line and so the dropping of supplies by parachute has been intensified. We show one of the C-119 *Flying Boxcars* of the Far East Air Force's 315th Air Division (Combat Cargo) dropping its load

of vital combat supplies in a neat line a few hundred feet above the heads of United Nations troops in the front line. But in addition to mud the Communist forces have to take into account the disruption caused to their supply system by United Nations bombing attacks. Our lower photograph illustrates 1,000-lb. bombs bursting on twin rail bridges in the north-west sector—a raid carried out by B-29 *Superfortresses* of the 98th Bomb Group.



FULL SPEED AHEAD: A GREAT HORNED OWL AS HE APPROACHES LEVEL FLIGHT. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THAT THE PRIMARY WING-FEATHERS CAN BE OVERLAPPED IN REVERSE.

FROM THE TAKE-OFF TO THE TOUCH- BY SUPERSPEED CAMERA WITH



GETTING UNDER WAY! ONE OF THE REMARKABLE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT NIGHT BY MEANS OF A SUPERSPEED CAMERA WITH A STROBOSCOPIC FLASH.

DOWN: THE OWL'S FLIGHT RECORDED A STROBOSCOPIC FLASH.



THE GREAT HORNED OWL BANKING TO MAKE A TURN: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH ILLUSTRATES HOW CLOSELY THE MOVEMENTS OF A BIRD'S FLIGHT APPROXIMATE TO THOSE OF AN AIRCRAFT.



GAINING ALTITUDE STEADILY: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH RECORDS THE MOVEMENTS OF THE GREAT HORNED OWL, AFTER IT HAS BECOME AIRBORNE.



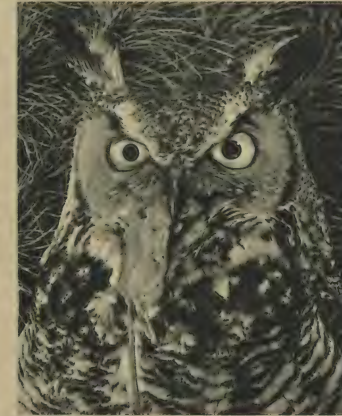
COMING IN FOR THE LANDING: A PHOTOGRAPH RECORDING THE VERTICAL POSITION ASSUMED BY THE BODY AT THIS MOMENT.



PUTTING ON HIS WING BRAKES AND LOWERING HIS "LANDING GEAR": THE GREAT HORNED OWL IS PREPARING TO ALIGHT ON A BIRCH BRANCH WITH HIS FEET THROST OUT STIFFLY AT AN ANGLE.



SHOWING ITS POWERFUL WING STROKES: A DRAMATIC PICTURE OF A GREAT HORNED OWL, OBTAINED, IN COMMON WITH THE OTHERS, BY MEANS OF A SUPERSPEED CAMERA WITH A STROBOSCOPIC FLASH.



REFRESHMENT FOR THE JOURNEY: A GREAT HORNED OWL PHOTOGRAPHED HOLDING A MOUSE IN ITS POWERFUL BEAK.



THE MOMENT BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF: THE POWER OF THE WINGS AND THEIR SPAN ARE INDICATED IN THIS PICTURE, TAKEN BY MR. LYNWOOD M. CHACE.



THE ACTUAL TAKE-OFF. THIS PHOTOGRAPH RECORDS THE MOMENT THAT THE GREAT HORNED OWL BECOMES AIRBORNE, ITS WINGS FULLY EXTENDED.



A BACK VIEW OF THE GREAT HORNED OWL IN FLIGHT. THE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS REVEAL THE MOTION OF THE WINGS, EACH MOTION BEING FROZEN IN SHARP DETAIL.



THE LANDING SAFELY ACCOMPLISHED: THE OWL COMES TO REST ON A BRANCH. THE NECTITATING MEMBRANE (OR THE THIRD EYELID) WHICH IT POSSESSES IS CLEARLY SEEN.

Aeronautical engineers and all concerned with the problem of flight for craft heavier than air have naturally always made a close study of the movements of birds in the air, their methods of taking off, touching down, turning, braking and banking. The soaring and gliding flight of birds and their

flapping flight have long been studied and much has been learned from them. Birds differ greatly in their method of flight, and the contrast between the deliberate beat of a heron, the smooth, silent flight of an owl, and the hurried whirl of a partridge is very great. On these pages we give a series of

remarkable photographs of the flight of a Great Horned Owl, which stress the affinity between the movements of a bird and of an aircraft. They were taken at night by Mr. Lynwood M. Chace by stroboscopic flash at 1-10,000th of a second, his "sitter" being confined in a specially constructed

enclosure provided with tree-branches to supply the necessary take-off and touch-down points, and to give the bird a natural environment. The series of pictures obtained as the result of many nights spent in studying the bird provide a remarkable analysis of the wing action.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MOLES: AN ANCIENT BELIEF DISCUSSED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

HOW often have I heard it: "A mole must lose a drop of blood before it dies." And usually in these precise words. Every mole-catcher I have spoken with has, sooner or later, volunteered the information, whether he be a professional or one who traps as occasion demands. Clearly this is a widely-held and deeply-rooted belief. What is more, it appears in the early natural history writings of the Middle Ages. There is no smoke without fire, even if it is only a smoulder, and one of the more interesting sides of modern biological research concerns the frequency with which old beliefs—some of which have been pooh-poohed by the savants for a century or more—have been shown to be true, or, at the least, to have a germ of truth in them.

At first I was inclined to suspect this remark as one of the things handed on from generation to generation and accepted without criticism or critical observation. So far as I can gather, the drop of blood is lost from the nose; and that this happens irrespective of the manner of death. Up to date I have never killed a mole, and, quite frankly, I have no desire to do so. But I must confess that, in spite of my repugnance at killing anything, I have set traps. Nevertheless, I have always gone to examine them afterwards with a mixture of hopes—a vague hope that I may at last have succeeded in this tricky technique, and a stronger hope that I shall not find an animal dead in the jaws of the trap. My first-hand knowledge of a mole's death is therefore limited to examining the catches of others.

The wording is "... lose a drop of blood before it dies," and although I have seen what appears to be a bloody smear on the snout, I could never be sure that I was not seeing the natural pink of that sensitive organ. For my part, therefore, I can examine this question dispassionately; and the opportunity came, quite by chance, of examining under the microscope the fine structure of a mole's snout. In this it seems that there is a possible explanation and a justification for the ancient and widely-held belief.

Moles have very small eyes, and it is a moot point whether they can actually see, or whether the eyes are merely of use in appreciating light from darkness. The external ears are extremely small; they can just be felt as tiny protuberances deep in the fur behind the eyes. It is usual that a diminution in the power of one sense should be compensated by an increase in another. With sight almost, or quite, absent and hearing (presumably) much reduced, wherein resides the sense-receptor which not only guides the mole through its underground labyrinth but makes it so highly sensitive to both sound and vibration? We can only guess, but examination of the minute structure of the snout suggests an answer.

Under the microscope we see that the surface is beset by numerous fine hairs, looking bristle-like under the higher magnification, each connecting with a nerve. The tissues underlying the outer skin are abundantly supplied with fine nerves and, what is much more obvious,

because of their deep colouring, a most remarkable network of fine capillary blood-vessels. It is, I suppose, axiomatic that wherever in a living body there is an unduly rich supply of blood, an unusual amount of work is being done, either muscular or sensory. Even if numerous observers and writers on the subject had not described the snout as highly sensitive, examination of its tissues would have suggested it.

Whether or no a mole has an acute sense of smell, as is usually asserted, it would be difficult to prove.

There seems to be no unusually high concentration of nerves and blood-vessels lining the nostrils. On the other hand, the skin is obviously highly sensitised, and this can mean only one thing, an unusually highly-developed tactile sense, or, in ordinary speech, a very delicate sense of touch. We are familiar with the sense of touch as that which enables us to perceive by contact. It is asserted, however, that the tactile receptors can in certain cases and under certain conditions be sensitive to vibrations. It is, for example, asserted, though I have yet to meet the proof of it, that the human finger-tips are sensitive to vibrations through space. Whatever be the truth of human abilities, those numerous, antenna-like hairs on the snout of the mole look highly suspicious, especially rooted as they are in tissues richly supplied with nerves and blood-vessels. It looks as if, whatever be the sensitivity of the body elsewhere, the snout is remarkably highly sensitive to touch and (by an intelligent guess) to vibration.

It is many years now since I first learned that a slight tap with the finger across a mole's snout was sufficient to cause instant death—from shock. And doubtless such a tap would draw blood (if only a drop). Curiously enough, although I had questioned many zoologists and naturalists on this point in the intervening years, it was only by questioning mole-catchers that information could be obtained. And so far they have agreed to a man, that merely a light tap on the nose will cause death. This is the more remarkable when one sees how the animal will use its snout to prise up obstructions or even for burrowing.

All the evidence goes to show that moles die readily from shock, from being tapped on the snout, from being thrown from the earth with a spade and landing on the head, from the mere report of a gun, and so on. And examine it how we will it seems as if death by misadventure, whether by being caught in one of the several types of traps in use now or in the past, or by being dug out of the earth, is always accompanied by shock. It is logical, also, to suppose that this shock is felt most of all, and probably entirely, in this highly sensitised, all-purposes organ, the snout. Moreover, it is not illogical, on the evidence of the rich plexus of blood-vessels revealed by the microscope, to suppose that this shock may be accompanied by a slight bleeding at the nose. Perhaps just one drop of blood escapes.

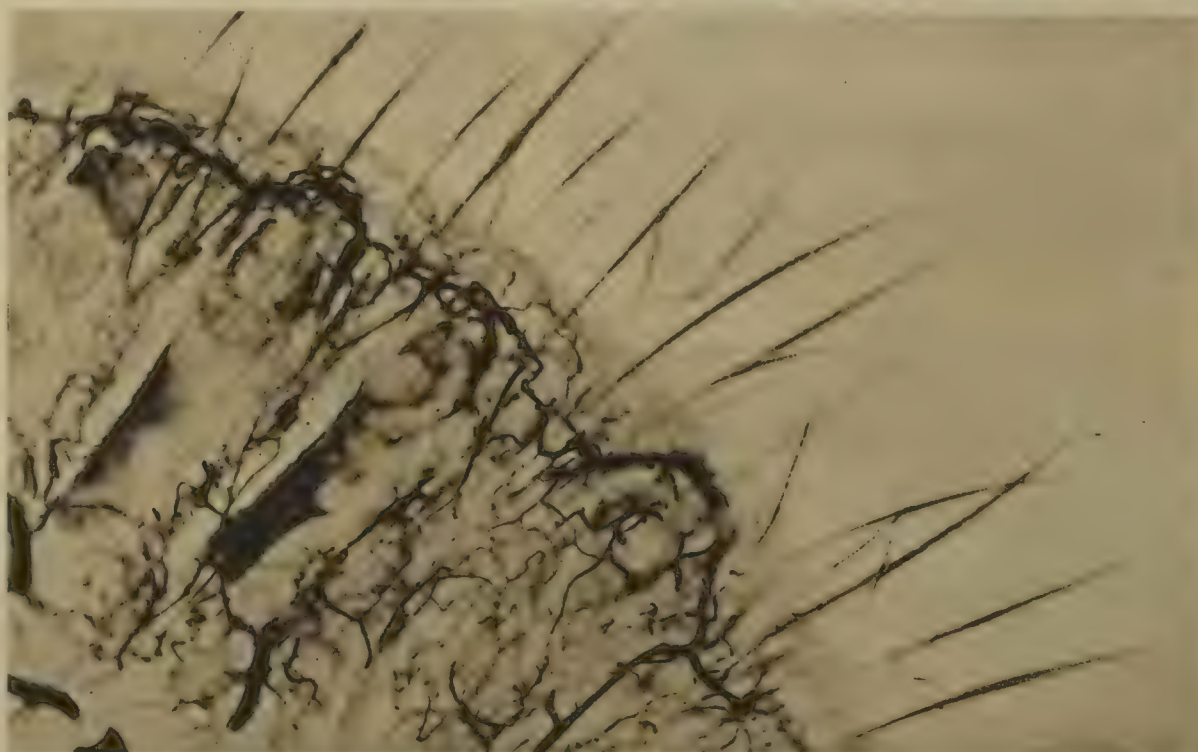
Of course, the whole argument as set forth here may be fallacious, just a succession of one

false premise after another. Biology, in contrast to the exact sciences, offers a wide scope for fallacious arguments and false conclusions. It may even be that mole-catchers have been consistently misled by the naturally pink tip to the snout into thinking it represented a smear or gout of blood, though I doubt this. On the other hand, if a belief has been held for centuries and is still universally accepted by those best in a position to observe, and if this can be supported by theory based upon anatomical investigation, there is some ground for suspecting that the ancient belief contains some element of truth.



SHOWING THE SMALL EYE AND LONG, TAPERING SNOOT: THE HEAD OF A MOLE, OF WHICH IT IS SAID THAT MERELY A LIGHT TAP ON THE NOSE WILL CAUSE DEATH.

The sense organs of a mole are not, to all appearance, well developed. The eye is very small and probably capable of no more than distinguishing light from darkness. The external ear is also small and hidden in the fur. The long snout is probably an all-purposes organ used, paradoxically, for prising up relatively heavy objects yet capable, it may be argued, of the most delicate perception of vibrations. [Photograph by Harold Bastin.]



SHOWING THE DELICATE, ANTENNA-LIKE HAIRS, ROOTED IN THE SKIN AND EACH CONNECTED TO A NERVE: AN ENLARGED VIEW OF A SMALL SECTION OF A PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF A SECTION ACROSS THE SNOOT OF A MOLE. THE NERVES ARE DIFFICULT TO SEE, BUT THE REMARKABLE NETWORK OF FINE CAPILLARY BLOOD-VESSELS STANDS OUT WELL. [Photomicrograph by Dr. J. P. Harding.]

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CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN MID-AIR AS IT WAS ABOUT TO CRASH: THE DEMOLITION OF THE GIANT CHIMNEY-STACK AT ILFORD BOROUGH COUNCIL'S REFUSE DESTRUCTOR. ITS FALL WAS DIRECTED ON THE LOW BUILDINGS (LEFT), ALSO SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION, AND IT DULY FLATTENED THEM.



THE FELLING: WORKMEN CHIPPING OUT BRICKS AT THE BASE, WHILE EXPERTS WATCHED THE WOODEN PROP (RIGHT) WHICH BENT AS THE STRUCTURE CAME OFF ITS BALANCE.



AFTER THE GIANT HAD CRASHED: THE CHIMNEY-STACK, OVER 150-FT. HIGH, REDUCED TO BRICKS AND RUBBLE. IT SUCCESSFULLY DEMOLISHED LOW BUILDINGS ALSO CONDEMNED.

A DRAMATIC DUAL-PURPOSE DEMOLITION: DROPPING A CONDEMNED CHIMNEY-STACK ON OTHER CONDEMNED BUILDINGS.

Felling a great chimney-stack calls for skill if accidents are to be avoided. The chimney-stack—over 150 ft. high—of Ilford Borough Council's Rubbish Destructor, which has become inadequate, was demolished on March 7. The method is to chip away bricks from one side of the base, while experts watch

a wooden prop inserted at one side, and note how it bends. This indicates the moment when the structure comes off its balance. Work on the chimney began on March 6 at 11 a.m., continued on March 7, and the chimney fell at about 3 p.m. Streets in the vicinity were cleared of traffic.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NOTHING is so desirable in criticism as to know one's own mind; and failing that, there is a strong temptation to pretend to know it. For one can't always, yet one is obliged to say something. For instance: "A Hero of To-day," by Vasco Pratolini (Hamish Hamilton; 9s. 6d.), demands the test of truth. It is the story of a young Fascist "monster," preying in defeat upon a world of enemies: and is concerned not merely with his bad exploits, but with the inner workings of his soul. If true, it is a documentary of rank. But on the deepest level, is it true? I can't say for sure; I kept on asking, trying for confidence, but it refused to come. Which in itself, perhaps, is half an answer. Sandrino luckily don't grow on every bush, and so one can't compare; one has to judge him at sight. And since a question lingers, he is not good enough—not for a work of art, which may be non-sense in reality, but in appearance must be self-evident.

It is a brilliant study, none the less. Sandrino was misled in childhood by his own father, a Fascist killed in Abyssinia in 1936. He left a parting letter for the boy, who scarcely knew him but has made a gospel of his last words. On the defeat of Italy, he was just old enough to rush to arms; then the "Republic" was defeated too—but he expects revenge, and dreams that all will come right. At sixteen he is wild, precocious, impudently false, and shamming penitence; he has to live down his past.

He and his mother share a flat with two young ex-partisans, and with a shrinking, solitary figure known as "the Republican woman." Virginia, at thirty-three, is a mere babe; she is Sandrino in reverse. Her whole idea of life is to belong to some ruling male. But now her father has been killed by bombs, her Fascist husband by partisans; and she is all abroad, and terrified of everyone—except the boy in the next room. They meet in secret, and he soon enslaves her. All his sadistic, childish appetites are roused by such complete inertia, and he would like to tear her to shreds.

Meanwhile Faliero, the young partisan, has had an eye on him—an elder-brotherly, protective eye. He has been always hoping for the best. Sandrino's trouble is that he began wrong, and he has got above himself; a smashing blow to his conceit would be the right prescription. But now it seems delay is dangerous; he must be stopped somehow.

Just then occur the smashing blows. Sandrino gets a thorough fright—and meets a girl, and thinks that he has changed direction. But the time has gone by. Virginia, his doomed and tortured Other, rises to block the road.

I can't accept the girl, or the conversion—not as they stand. And in the two young partisans, I seem to recognise the cold breath of theory. However, one can well believe the truth is something like that. And there is no blurring or approximation in the horrid story itself.

"Pleasure as Usual," by Villiers David (Duckworth; 9s. 6d.), is a contrast in every way. It is hilariously cheerful, to begin with. And its disguise of the nonsensical reveals more truth, the more it goes on. Dear little Lady Corbeau is the genius of Corbeau Hall, that vast and composite antique, maintained in splendour by an absentee husband. Lord Corbeau is devoted to his little Can-Can, but he never shows up. The fact is that he wouldn't dare; he is no tiger, but he doesn't like rabbithood. And in the neighbourhood of Lady Corbeau, there are only rabbits. She is the tiger in the home—so brave and sweet, appealing as a Japanese doll, but with the moral effect of a steam-roller and a will of ice. Her servants freeze into conformity. Her daughters try to fight back, reject the eligible and pursue the low—but all in vain; they are a mess, unhappy, not a bit freer. For there is luxury at Corbeau Hall; and gilded chains are almost unbreakable.

But if the gilt were to come off; and if the dear, unspoilt little thing—who practises the Simple Life, and would be just as happy in a cottage—had to gain her ends by sheer personality? That is exactly what we are about to see. For though Lord Corbeau has the best accountants, fate has caught up with him. He is so sorry, but his little Can-Can will be forced to give up the Hall—or run it on one-fifth of her allowance, which is not possible.

But to the little woman it is more than possible; it is a bright idea, the Simple Life in a new form. Instead of playing with kites or typewriters, as heretofore, she will be playing economy, and everyone shall join in as usual. So said, so done, and she proceeds triumphant. The new and horrible régime is brief, though no fault of hers. But change will always threaten her in vain; she takes it in her stride. In fact, the author says she might be called Britannia. His social comedy, though wild, is not so funny as to raise peals of laughter. But, on the other hand, it grows on one. It turns out to be so true.

"Frances," by Catherine Hubbell (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is American—a long, long study of an unattractive girl in a depressing milieu. Or it struck me like that; the jacket says that "no more charming heroine could be imagined," so I may be wrong.

And Frances certainly has a cruel start. Her parents are on deadly terms. The wife, conventional and domineering, is of good birth; the husband not, and finally she goads him to suicide. He disappears without a ripple on her smooth nullity, and she pursues the social round. Frances is "looked after," but unloved; and she is fat and spectacled and unrewarding. Only behind closed doors, on furtive sips of wine, can she expand and triumph.

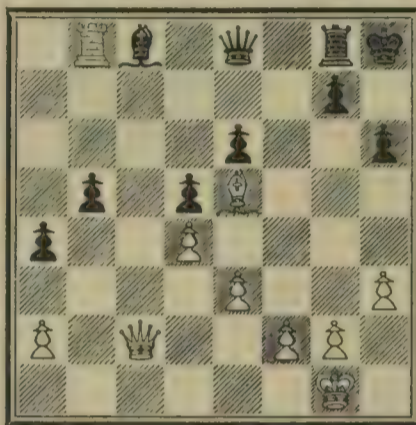
So she grows up deceitful. At fourteen she has lost her heart and character, but learnt her lesson: Do the done thing. Then, under cover, one can be oneself. The years wash out her misbehaviour and improve her looks; she marries "suitably"—but she has still far to go. And very far it seems. "Frances," her English teacher used to cry, "I didn't want ten pages!" How one can understand the point of view. It is a turgid novel, fatally verbose; but it has no want of energy.

"The Flying Red Horse," by Frances Crane (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), comes as a brisk and pleasant change. Jean and Pat Abbott rendezvous in Dallas, Texas, where they forgoth with an oil man, and their little dachshund sniffs out a corpse. The oil man's wife, Amanda Dollahan, is one of three sisters, who have all risen from a clapboard hovel to the heights of wealth. Now there are only two. But Texans don't like the police, and Pat, who will insist on calling them, is made to feel it. Individual action spurts forth all round, and Pat is venturesome and jealous with the old sparkle. Only the solution is a little tame, but one expects as much.

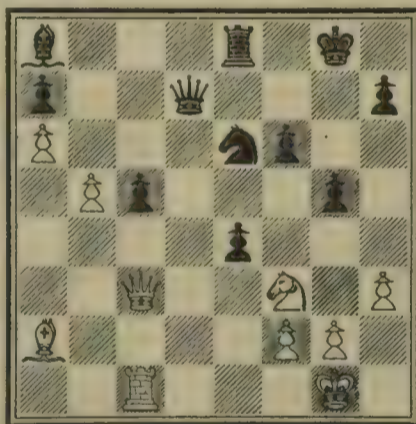
CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE position depicted in our first diagram occurred in a game played in 1914. Reti (White) to play, made a move and his opponent promptly resigned. What was that move? Not very difficult; try to find it before looking at the answer below.



The second diagram gives a position from a game played at Amsterdam a few weeks ago, and of greater complexity than the first. White is Reshevsky, many times U.S. champion; Black the Icelandic master, Gudmundsson. By means of a simple sacrifice, and making use of the pin by his bishop on Black's knight, White achieves within a few moves a surprising concentration of force on to Black's king. How?



SOLUTIONS TO THE DIAGRAMS:

The first: 1. R×B! Black resigned because 1... Q×R would allow 2. Q-Kt6 threatening 3. Q×RPch (the knight's pawn is pinned!) against which there is no defence.

The second: White, ignoring the attack on his knight, played 1. Q×KBp; 1... P×Kt; 2. R×P (threatening R×Pch, exploiting the pin on the knight), P-R3; 3. R-K5, recovering the sacrificed piece—since the knight cannot be further defended—with a plus pawn and an overwhelming position.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"MASS-PRODUCED MAN."

THE last war threw up a number of brilliant war correspondents, of which four—Alan Moorehead, Alexander Clifford, Cedric Salter and the late Christopher Buckley—were outstanding. What distinguished them from other talented reporters was their capacity for seeing beyond the foreground of a campaign or a political situation in a foreign country to the background without which the picture might otherwise be almost meaningless. They embraced strategy as well as tactics, statecraft as well as day-to-day politics. For that reason any book from the pen of Mr. Alexander Clifford is a welcome event, and his latest, "Enter Citizens" (Evans; 12s. 6d.), is something quite remarkable. It is a long time since a book has interested—and disturbed—me more. Mr. Clifford takes as his text the stage direction from Julius Caesar—"enter a throng of Citizens. Citizens: We will be satisfied, let us be satisfied"—and proceeds to draw from it a truly terrifying picture of what lies before us in the age of the "mass-produced man." Using his wide and deep knowledge of contemporary Europe as a base, he erects a structure of argument to show that in the age of the mass-produced man, with the consciousness of his dawning strength, with his mass-produced pleasures, his mass education (or lack of it), his mass thinking (or lack of it), the best we can hope for, if we escape world communism, is a world in which the highest expression of our civilisation will be Mr. Butlin's holiday camps, and of our culture the *palais de danse*. He ranges widely over post-war Europe to show the inwardness of the struggle of Liberal-Democracy to avoid defeat by Communism, and sees in the Catholic Church the one international force which is effectively (so far) resisting the Red menace. "The spiritual contest in Europe," he writes, "is between a doctrine of toleration and humility and goodness, with rewards in another life, and the rigid, intolerant, political-economic-atheist creed of Communism, promising rewards in this life."

But while Mr. Clifford's picture of post-war Europe is a brilliant piece of reporting, it is his main theme which is at once absorbing and alarming. The mass-produced man in Europe is demanding ever higher standards of living for less and less work, just at a time when there are more of him, less food to feed him with, and fewer markets which will accept his high-priced goods. Mr. Clifford does not propound remedies: he merely states a case; and, alas! it is a case in which, try as I will, I can find no flaws. He believes that even if we escape Communism we are headed for a new Dark Age—if not of a Europe which has become "a wild place of wolves and ruins, inhabited by a debased peasantry and haunted by brigands," then a Dark Age of the spirit in a world in which mass-produced man is in the ascendant. It is a horrible picture. . . . "By the standards of the past, the society of the future will be a bleak, obscurantist, uncultured affair, whose brain will be concentrated on the solving of mechanical problems and whose mind will scarcely work at all . . . it is a period which cannot be desired or admired by anybody brought up in the spirit of the Renaissance. But mass-produced man has not that spirit. His is a Dark Age spirit, and his values are completely different. And since the new world will be run for his benefit, his values—the things that he believes to be valuable—will prevail and will be right." I hope—I pray (for I would rather be dead than live in such a brave new world)—that Mr. Clifford is wrong. But I wish someone, when they have read this brilliantly depressing book, would tell me where the flaw in his argument lies.

How thin is the crust of civilisation! At this moment, millions and millions of our fellow human beings are being subjected to calculated tortures of body and mind in the interests of the Marxist dialectic. A bare six or seven years ago, other millions were suffering unimaginable fates for the greater glory of Hitler's Reich. But the human mind is small in its compass and the human memory is short. I recommend those who advocate the reprieve from the death sentence of the remaining Nazi concentration camp criminals even a few pages of Dr. Eugen Kogon's "The Theory and Practice of Hell" (Secker and Warburg; 18s.). Dr. Kogon, a Bavarian, a Catholic and a journalist, was sent to Buchenwald in 1938, and was one of the few who were lucky—and pure chance played a big part in survival or non-survival in the camps—to continue to remain alive until liberated by the Allied armies. This is the most thoroughly documented of the many books on the concentration camps. It is not for the queasy-stomached.

Although Goering was generally credited with the institution and the early control of the concentration camps (it was certainly a creature of his, one Diels, who started the Gestapo), the real villain of the piece was Himmler. Goering, though he was as tough as any—witness the June 30

"clean-up"—lacked the cold-blooded inhumanity of Himmler. Mr. Willi Frischauer, in "Goering" (Odham's; 12s. 6d.), has produced a most readable life of that extraordinary character—a man who, as his trial at Nuremberg showed, could almost at will extort the grudging admiration of his opponents. Perhaps the most fascinating part of the book deals with the decline of this puffy Prussian Nero and his pathetic attempts to maintain himself in the good books of the Führer when any mention of the Luftwaffe tended to throw Hitler into a paroxysm. Another most interesting suggestion is that Hess's flight to England was in fact concocted with the connivance and at the instance of Hitler in the hope of securing a separate peace.

Coming back home, "The British General Election of 1950," by H. G. Nicholas (Macmillan; 21s.), makes topical reading when the pollsters are again busy with their predictions and abracadabra. Perhaps that last word is a bit strong, because there seems little doubt that the pollsters—if their sample is up-to-date—can predict results pretty accurately. Mr. Nicholas's book is lighter reading than that of his 1945 predecessors—Messrs. MacCallum and Readman—and is a most interesting examination of the mechanics of electioneering. A worthy Oxford product.

An unworthy Oxford product according to Mr. Reginald Turner in "Nineteenth-Century Architecture in England" (Batsford; 21s.) was the joint contribution of that University and of Cambridge to the Gothic Revival. I had not fully appreciated the pernicious absurdities of the Tractarians in architecture nor the baneful effect of the ecclesiologists on our churches until I read this scholarly and witty examination of the architectural sins (and achievements) of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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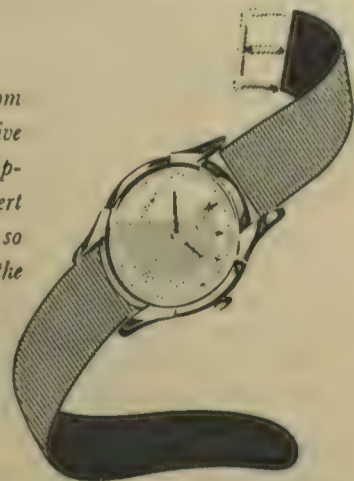
One Swiss in every hundred makes them

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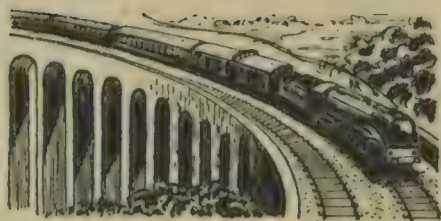
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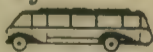
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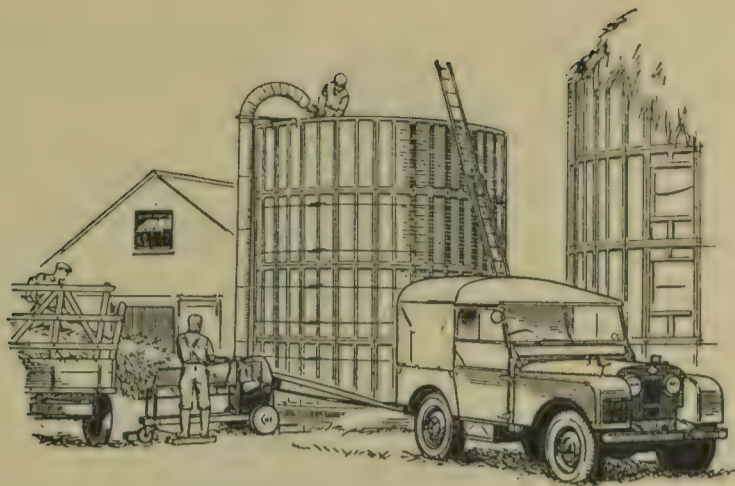


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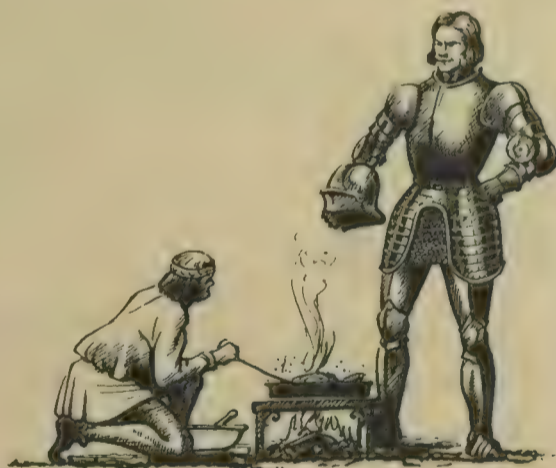
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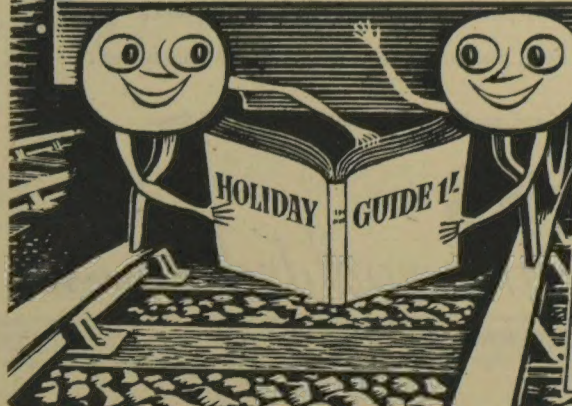


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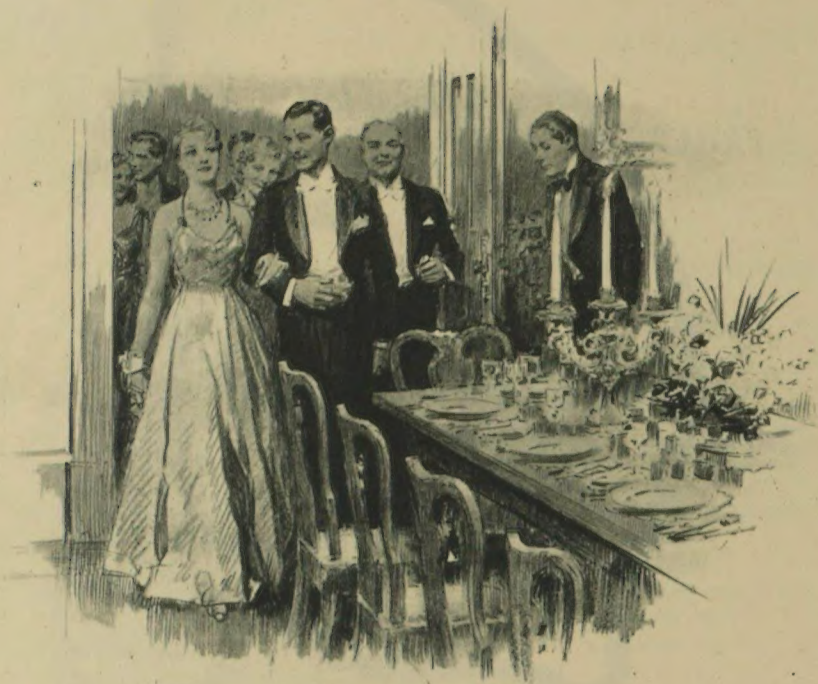
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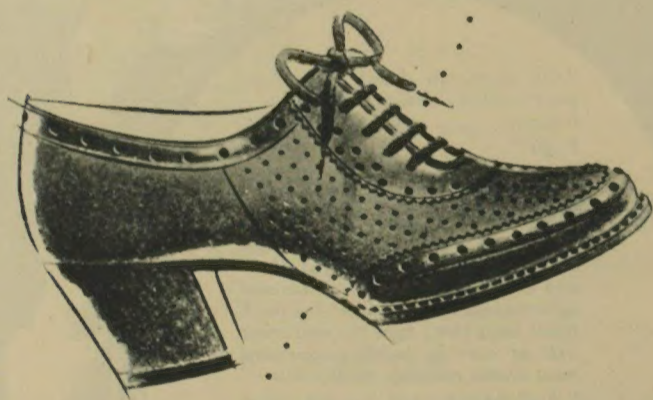
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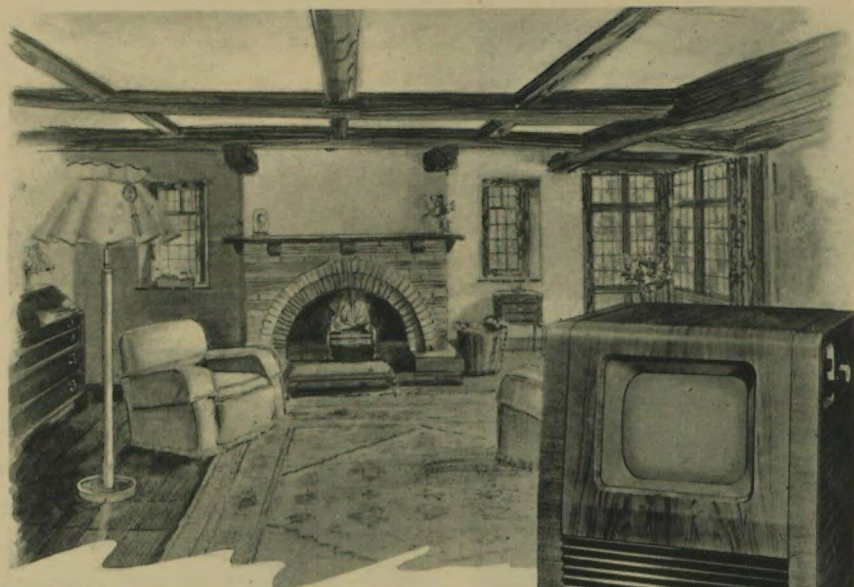
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